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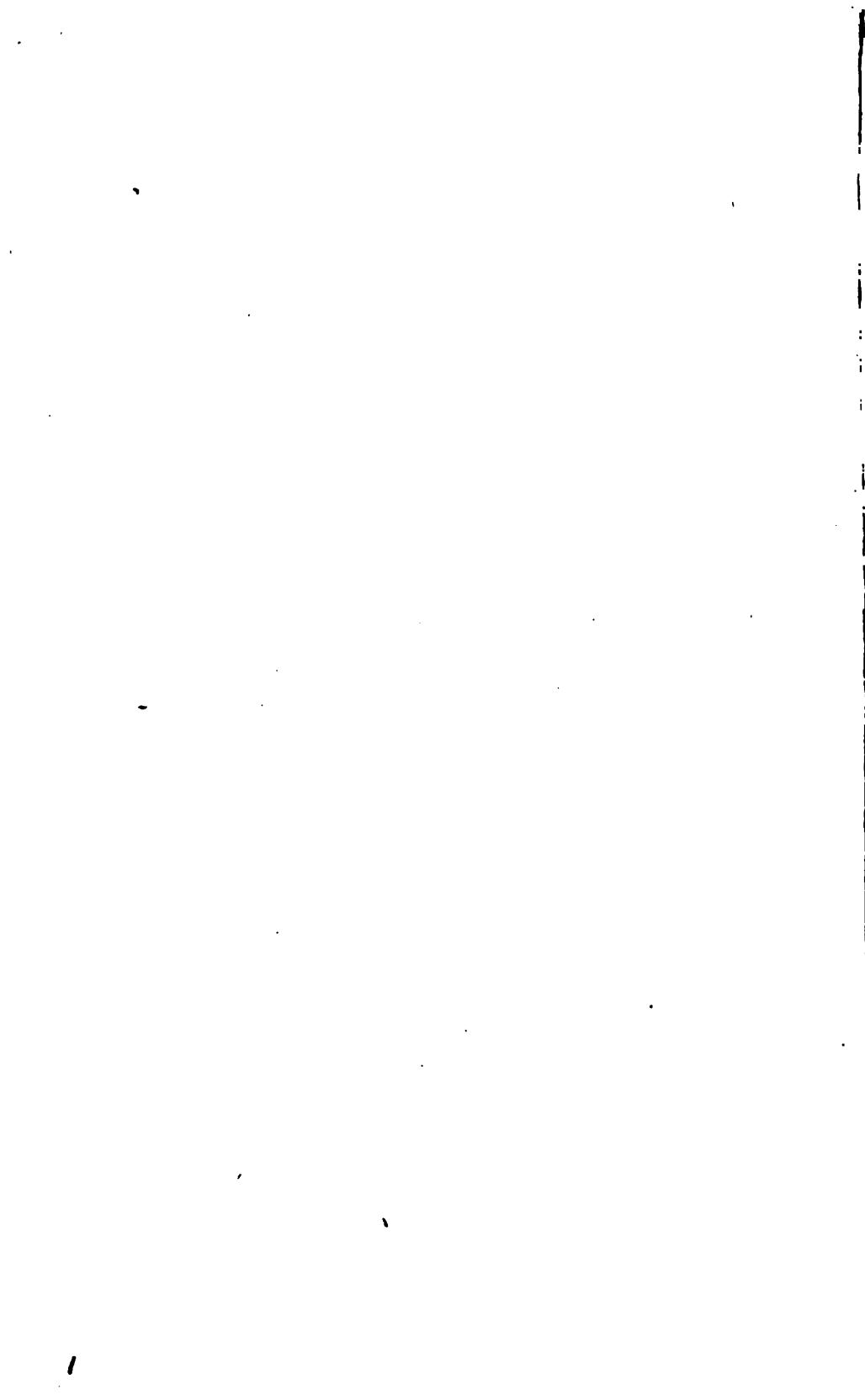
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William Willis.

Temple

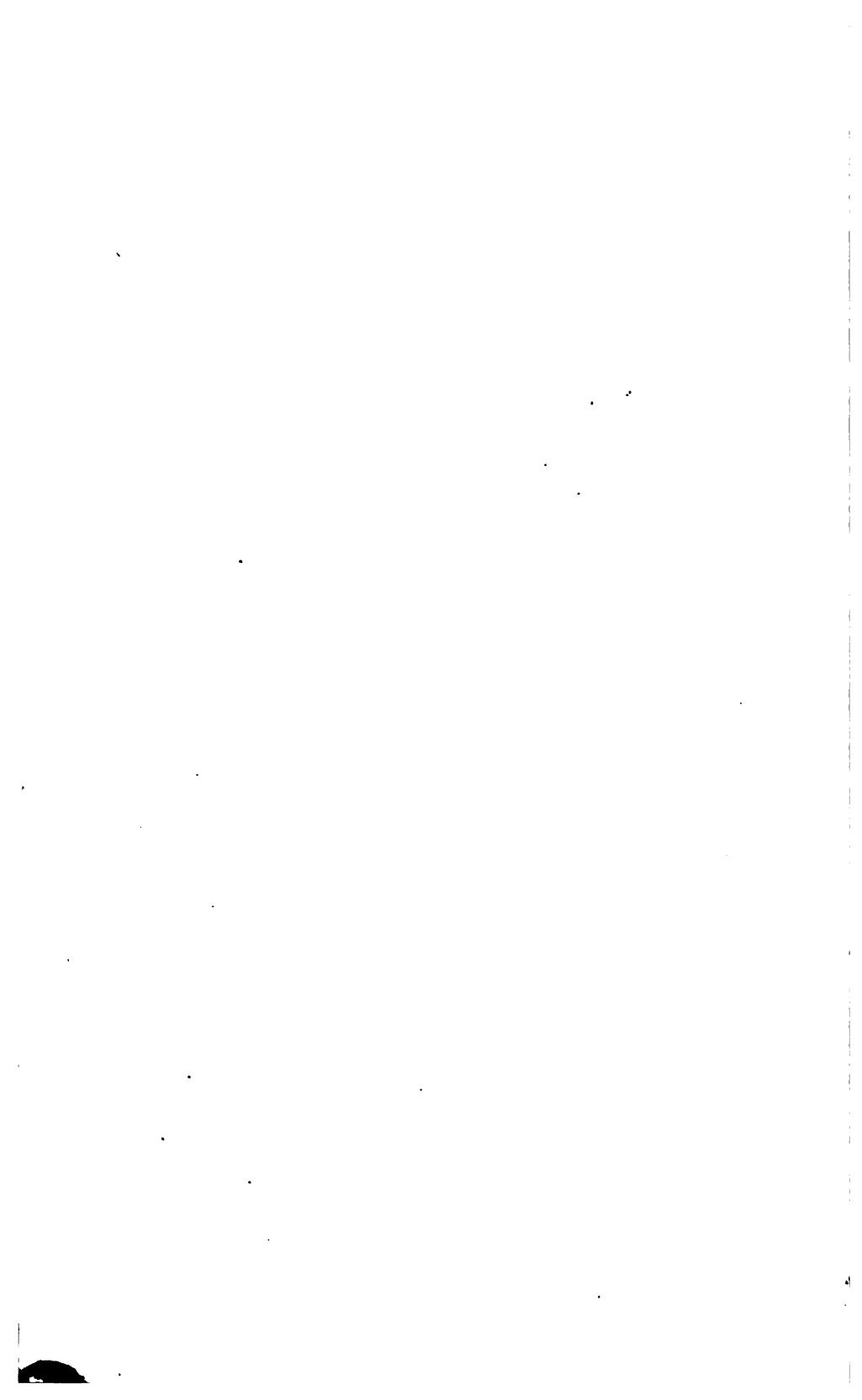


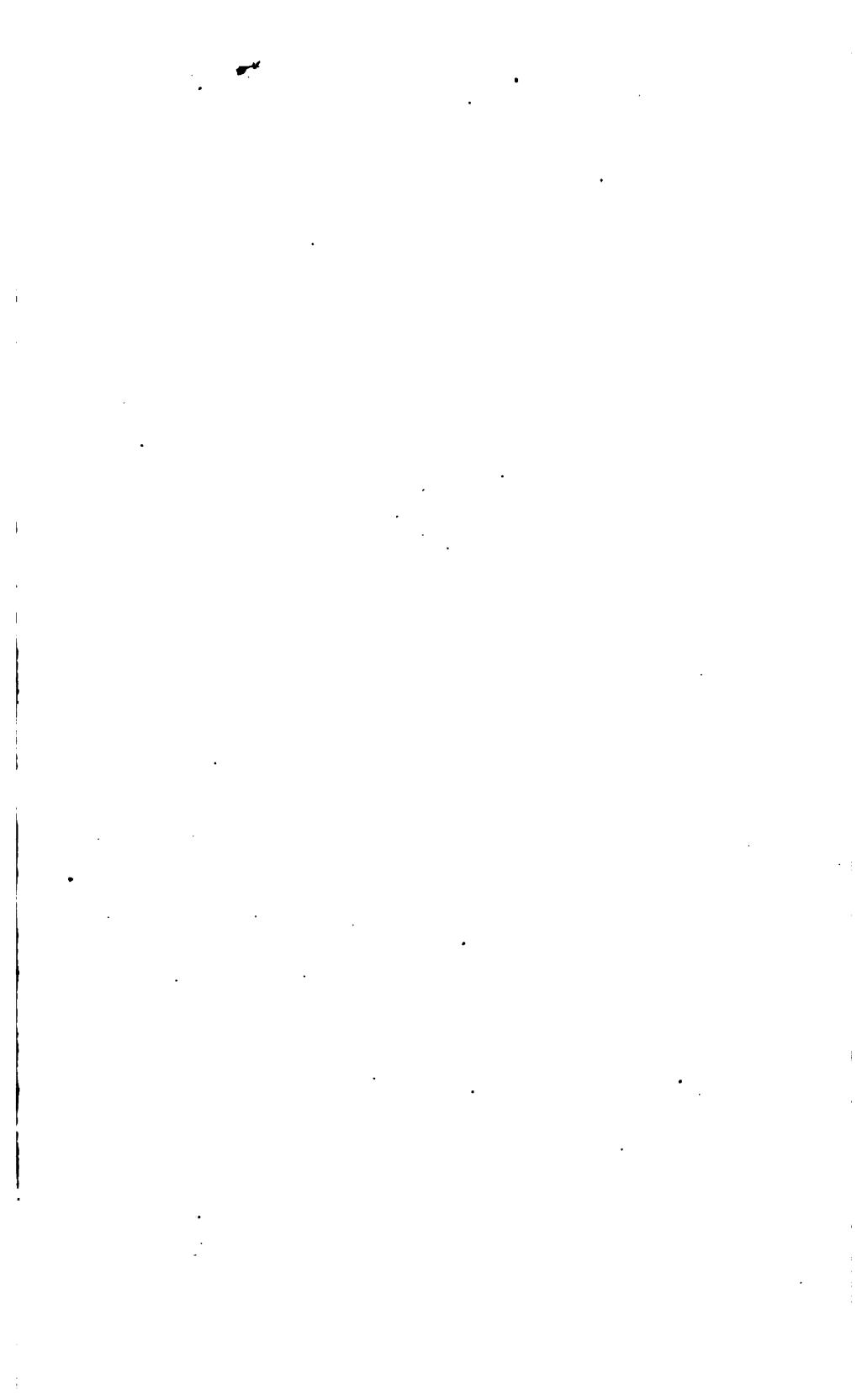














HENRY HASTINGS.

THE
LIVES AND PORTRAITS
OF
Remarkable Characters,
DRAWN
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

A NEW EDITION.

“ Virtuous or vicious every man must be,
Few in the extremes, but all in the degree.”

POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

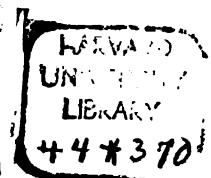
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PREFACE.

THE History of all countries presents us with individuals whose peculiarities or villanies have rendered them conspicuous in the age in which they flourished, who have been handed down from generation to generation, till in the eighteenth century (an era in which literature has made considerable strides,) we find all documents concerning such characters perused with the greatest avidity: so much so, indeed, that all former editions of this Work have been long out of print.

If Johnson, Dryden, Steele, Campbell, and some of our most celebrated Authors, have not deemed it beneath them to snatch from obscurity many of the characters which are here recorded, the Com-

piler of this Work conceives that his present undertaking will be no degradation to literature.

In selecting from the great mass of historic facts the Lives and Characters of such as have entertained or disgusted antecedent ages, those documents only have been preserved which could be depended upon for authenticity. The idiom and phraseology of former writers, have, in a few cases, been adhered to :—but it has been found necessary carefully to revise and compare the whole afresh ; and in this Edition the greater part of the Work has undergone considerable emendations and corrections. Some of the characters, which were of doubtful origin, have been rejected, and others of a more interesting nature substituted. The whole, indeed,

assumes a different aspect. In its compilation a great variety of works have been consulted, and whatever its merits may be, the labour has not been small; in consequence of which, the Editor flatters himself he shall be entitled to a fair participation of public favor: and, if he receives that encouragement which has attended the former Editions of this Work, his exertions will be amply recompensed.

With respect to the Embellishments, it is only necessary to add, that the Proprietor has, at a very considerable expense, obtained *correct portraits of each character*; the greater part of which are extremely scarce, and have been engraved exclusively for this Work. EDITOR.

LONDON: *February 1, 1819.*



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LIFE
OF
HENRY HASTINGS, Esq.
THE MOST REMARKABLE FORESTER IN ENGLAND,
WHO LIVED TO THE AGE OF ONE HUNDRED
AND TEN YEARS, AND DIED IN 1639.

THIS singular character never emerged from the obscurity of a private gentleman, living in the greatest privacy in New Forest, Hampshire, almost a speculative hermit. He was the second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and inherited a good estate in Dorsetshire, in the right of his brother. Though he did not meddle with state affairs, he was very active with the deer and wild fowl of the forest, and ingratiated himself so far in the good opinion of James I. that his Majesty made him forester, and built him a lodge to

reside in during the hunting season, where he visited him twice in great state. Independent of which, he had a magnificent mansion at Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, but seldom lived there, preferring his lodge in the forest to any other residence, as he could indulge his fancy in the beauties of the wild scenery that surrounded him.

Here his communications were but few. His nearest kin Anthony Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, was so different to him in principle, that they never met but to quarrel. No two men could be more opposite in their dispositions and pursuits : Harry Hastings, *though king-appointed*, was an independent character, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has written his life, declares that he could not bear the brutality of his manners, for he was only fit to live as he did by himself. These oppositions of sentiment and manners kept their distances, and the Earl never spoke of him but as of a misanthrope.

Mr. Hastings though low of stature, was strong and active. His costume was always a long green-coat, and in winter a cloak of the same

colour over it. The furniture of his house was as cynical as the master, and, as he kept no servants, he was not subject to interruption. He had inclosed, with his own hands, a vast paddock which he called his park, and which he kept well stocked with deer and rabbits, and fish-ponds of his own making. He had also contrived a narrow bowling-green behind this inclosure, where he played by himself, chalking up for parties as if he had any. In the same place he had also a banqueting-room, built like a booth in a fair, where he entertained some of the poaching peasantry; for although he was a ranger he was reasonable, and if they made him presents he took no more notice.

He kept all sorts of hounds, and other dogs that ran game or badgers, and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short-winged. His hall, or best room, was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, hunting poles, hawks' perches, and matchlock guns, cross-bows, arquebusses, and Indian arrows. The upper end of it was hung with fox, otter, badger, and pole-cat skins; and eagles, spread with nails, of his own shooting.

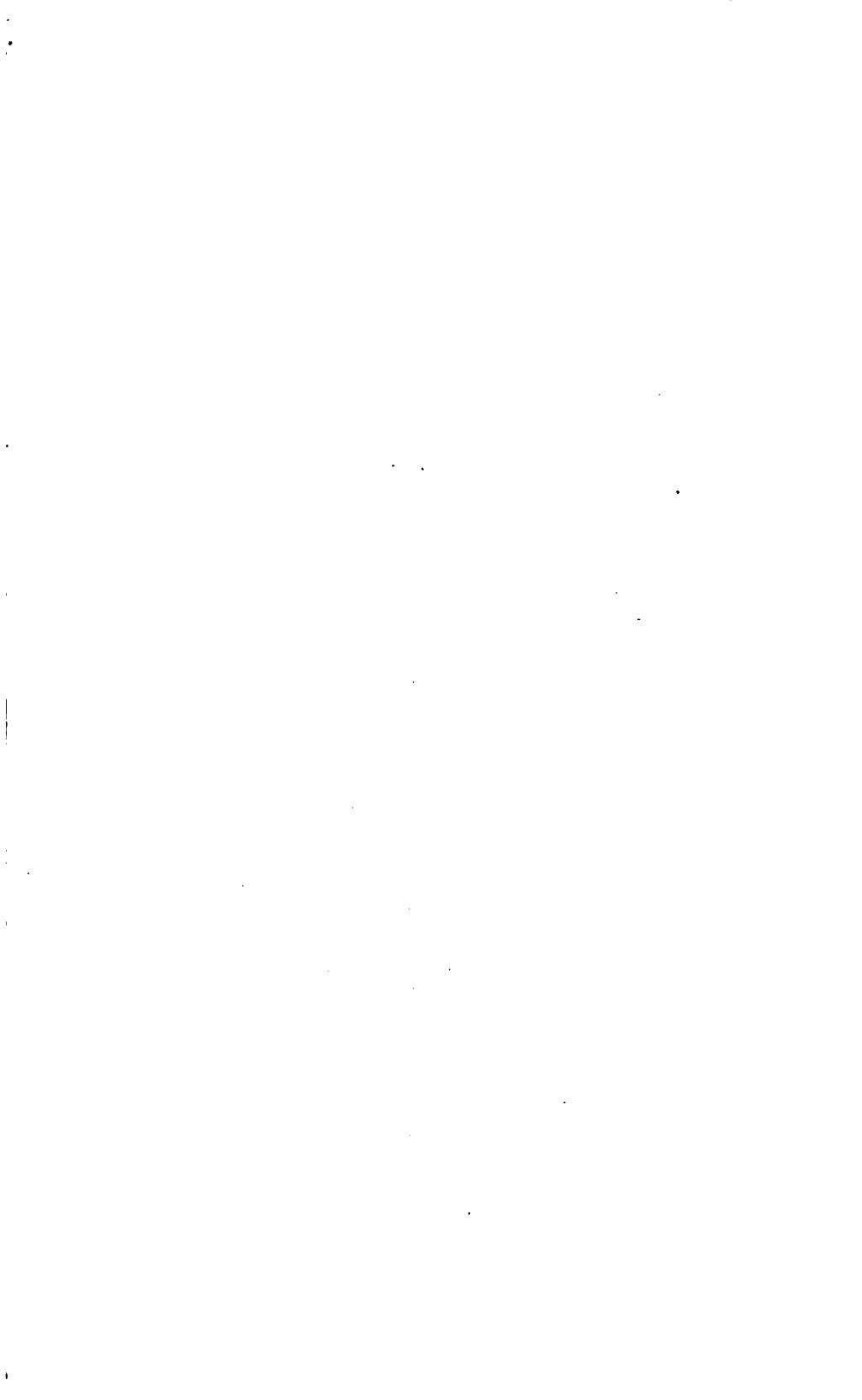
The lower end of it was hung with game skins ; and various dissections of birds and beasts, performed by himself, were perceptible in every corner. His bed-chamber and parlour were lumber-rooms, completely furnished in the same style with all sorts of imagery, country utensils, &c. On the hearths and in the chimneys lay his choicest terrier hounds and spaniels. In the chairs cats and bitches had deposited their litters, which were not to be disturbed. Of these a select number constantly attended him at dinner, where a little white-wand lay by his trencher for his defence when they became too troublesome. He could play upon a bugle-horn of any compass, and handled the quarter-staff in a masterly manner ; and if a stranger visited him, he was sure of being consulted upon the grave subjects of the genealogy of dogs and cats, with choice observations upon hawks' bills, rings, and birds' eggs sunk in the crown of hats, which was worse than high-treason to touch.

Yet, with all this, he was not a cynic against some sorts of diversion : cards, dice, tables, and other boards, with tobacco-pipes of his own

making, were ready to entertain his rougher guests; but of drink he was parsimonious; mum and a medicated ale were all he produced, of which he drank but a regular quantity, never exceeding the bounds of moderation, nor did he ever permit his company to do so. Conformable to the custom of his pious patron and master King James I. one room was appropriated to devotion, with a pulpit and desk in it; but he made no other use of it, but as a safe deposit for salted meats, and seasoned pies and pasties. His table, though homely, was always wholesome and good. Pudding was his delight, and when he made one, though he was but a moderate eater, it was of large dimensions. His drink after dinner was a composition of gilly-flowers and sack, the invigorating qualities of which he much boasted of. At nights he took sage-drops in water and rosemary. The troubles of the times disturbed him not, for he had forgotten the king, and the court had forgotten him. A short time before his death he lost his sight, yet that did not prevent him from riding out on horseback, and he went a day's journey to hear an huntsman, upwards of

ninety years of age, relate the death of a stag.
He died in 1639.

*From the MS. of Ant. Ashley Cooper,
in the British Museum.*





MOTHER DAMNABLE .

MOTHER DAMNABLE ;

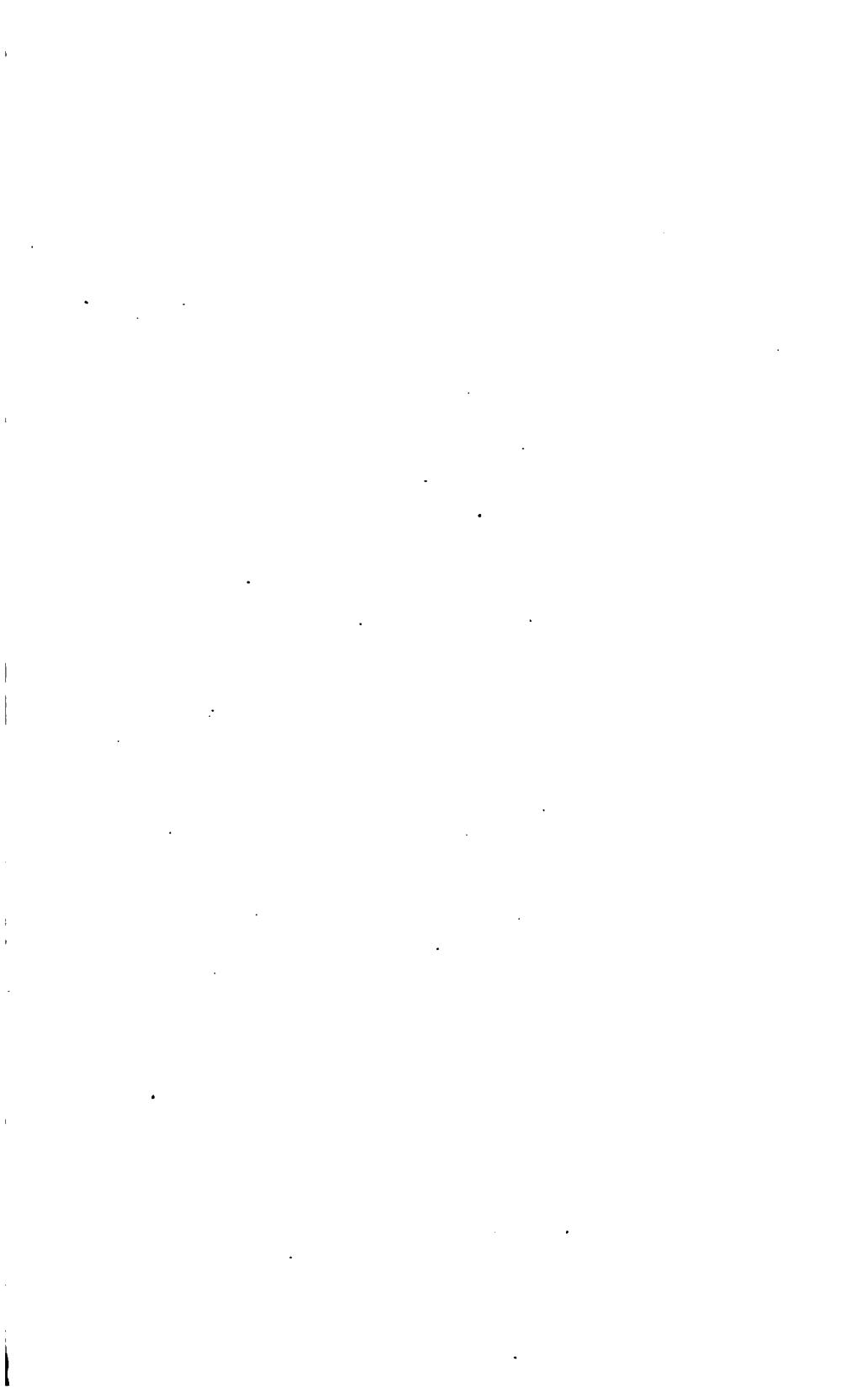
THE PERSON WHO GAVE RISE TO THE SIGN OF
MOTHER RED-CAP, ON THE HAMPSTEAD-
ROAD, A. D. 1676.

Or this shrew, whose real name has not reached posterity, nothing farther is known than the following lines, which, annexed to the original Portrait, states :—

You've often seen (from Oxford tippling-house,)
Th' effigies of Shipton fac'd Mother Louse,
Whose pretty pranks (tho' some they might excel)
With this old trot's ne'er gallop'd parallel.
'Tis Mother Damnable ! that monstrous thing,
Unmatch'd by Macbeth's wayward women's ring,
For cursing, scolding, fuming, flinging fire
I' th' face of madam, lord, knight, gent, cit, squire ;
Who (when but ruffled into the least pe')
With cellar-door key into pocket get.

Then no more ale ; and now the fray begins !
'Ware heads, wigs, hoods, scarfs, shoulders, sides, and shins !
While these dry'd bones, in a Westphalian bag,
(Through the wrinkled weasan of her shapeless crag)
Sends forth such dismal shrieks, and unsmooth noise,
As fills the town with din, the street with boys ;
Which makes some think, this fierce she-dragon fell
Can scarce be match'd by any this side hell.
So fam'd, both far and near, is the renown
Of Mother Damnable, of Kentish-town.
Wherefore this symbol of the cat's we'll give her,
Because, so curst, a dog would not dwell with her.

It is pretty certain she is the person represented
in the sign of the Mother Red-cap, on the
Hampstead-road, more especially as the house
that bears that sign was the only one standing
near the place in the memory of many now
living.





MOLL CUT PURSE.

MOLL CUT-PURSE.

She was a notorious woman, and was peculiar in her time for adroitness and pilfering. Butler and Dean Swift take notice of her artfulness and masculine appearance. She is represented, in the only print that remains of her, in a man's dress, with an ape, lion, and eagle by her. Her life, (which, as well as the prints, is very scarce), was printed in 12mo. 1662.

Her proper name is Mary Frith; she was a woman of great spirit; a virago; and, by some was supposed to be an hermaphrodite. The extreme badness of her character made her only remarkable for the shamefulness of her actions. Forgery, which at that time was very rare, was not above her reach, nor highway-robbery beyond her spirit; for she robbed General Fairfax upon Hounslow-heath, for which she was committed

to Newgate, where, like many others, she found protection by her ill got gains, and rioted luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. She lived in this manner until the 75th year of her age; an incredible age for a woman of such irregular habits; but her longevity is attributed to her excessive custom of smoking tobacco. Nat. Field, in his comedy, called, *Amends for the Ladies*, has displayed some of her "merrie prankes." Both Butler and Swift compare her to the Maid of Orleans in France.

Butler. A bold virago stout and tall,
As Joane of France, or English Moll.

Swift. Like ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joane of France, or English Moll.

Baucis and Philomen.







JEFFREY HUDSON.

JEFFRY HUDSON,

**THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH DWARF AND DROLL
OF THE COURT OF KING CHARLES I.**

THIS curious diminutive being was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in the year 1619. His father, we are informed, was a butcher, and, like his mother, of a corpulent and “good frame.” When she was pregnant with Jeffry she was so light that her situation was not perceptible by her neighbours, nor needed she a midwife to bring him into the world.

The remarkableness of his size, at seven years old, (not being quite eighteen inches in height,) caused him to be taken notice of by the Duchess of Buckingham, who clothed him in satin; and the Duke her husband was so well pleased with him that he was retained in the family, which resided at Burleigh on the Hill; where, soon

after the marriage of Charles I. an entertainment being given to his majesty, little Jeffry was served up to table in a cold pye, from whence he suddenly emerged in complete armour made of grey satin.

Soon after this her grace presented him to the Queen Henrietta Maria, who kept him for her dwarf, and he was seen as often as court-days were held. It was a curious and strange contrast to meet him and W. Evans, the king's gigantic porter, who, in a masque at court, to divert the company, drew his little friend out of his pocket with a loaf, instead of a piece of bread and cheese. Between the seventh and thirtieth years of his age, he advanced only three inches in stature, and that height he never exceeded, until he was near forty, when he had risen to three feet nine inches, and there remained.

Jeffry then became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court, and Sir William Davenant wrote a poem, called Jeffriedos, in high-styled heroic verse, on a battle between him and a turkey-cock ! this very much displeased the little hero, and he often spoke about the

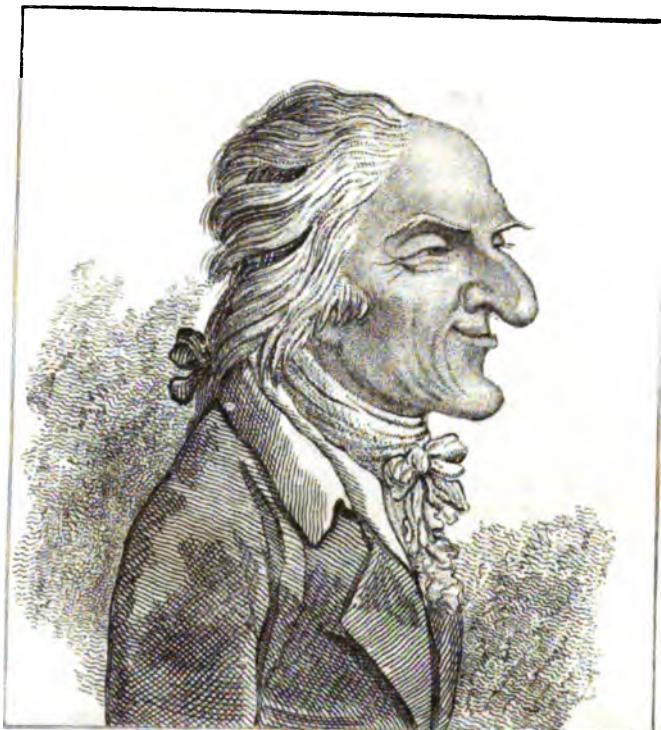
subject with contempt. In 1638 was published, in a very small size, a book, called a New Year's Gift, presented at court by the *Lady Parula*, addressed to the *Lord Minus*, commonly called *Little Jeffry*, her Majesty's servant ; written by *Microphilus*, with a curious small print of Jeffry prefixed.

Before this period he had been employed on affairs of state, and negotiations of some importance; for though diminutive he was not void of sense. He was sent to France, to procure a midwife for the queen from her mother *Mary de Medicis*; on this adventure he was captured by the *Dunkirkers*, a sort of Fleming pirates, but he was obtained back again and returned to court, where he had many squabbles with the courtiers on his *sea-expedition*: at length, being very far provoked by *Mr. Crofts*, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued, when the latter met him with a squirt. This procedure so exasperated Jeffry, that a real duel succeeded the mock one; and the appointment was made on horseback with pistols, to put him more on a level: Jeffry, at the first fire, shot his

antagonist dead. This happened in France, whether he had attended his mistress in the troubles. He had afterwards the misfortune to be again taken prisoner; but he was not so soon released as before, for his capture was by a Turkish rover, and he was sold for a slave in Barbary. By what means he got away is uncertain; but in 1644, he attended the queen again to France, where he remained till after the Restoration. The face of things being changed there, and court favour running in another channel, little Jeffry found himself neglected. At last, upon suspicion of being privy to the Popish Plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in Westminster Gate-house, where he ended his days, in the 63d year of his age.

The Porter and Dwarf are effigied in stone on the front of a house in Newgate-street, where they stand as a memorial of having been contemporaries in the same service.





DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY,

in the Age of 77.

JAMES DOUGLAS,
DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY,

FORMERLY KNOWN BY THE HUMEROUS APPELLATION
OF OLD Q.

THIS most eccentric nobleman, who was of royal Scottish extraction, was born in 1790; many of his ancestors have intermarried with the Caledonian royal family, in whose courts they have held high and honorable stations; and since their residence in England, they have been noticed with peculiar attention by our sovereigns.

On the death of his father, the last Earl of March, he succeeded to the family estates, and became well known in London and Newmarket for a period of fifty years, by the familiar name of *Lord March*. Being very young when he came to his title, and entering early into the world, it so happened that he formed a decided and almost unconquerable taste for the amusements of the turf.

While yet a boy, the Earl of March is reported to have acquired a certain species of distinction, by his gallantries in the capital, and his exploits at the race-ground; and he shone at once the meteor of the turf and the drawing-room. A handsome person, of which he has been always particularly careful, joined to a splendid equipage, a title, and a fortune, heightened by manners highly polished, and conversation that seemed bewitching, ensured him the smiles of the fair.

But if he never led a "willing partner" to the altar, he had many to attend him at his *couché* as well as *levee*; therefore, it was always his particular fancy to enjoy the pleasures and freedoms of celibacy, which have hitherto precluded that species of alliance which might have insured legitimate heirs to his extensive fortune and splendid titles. We are said to be imitative beings, and this doctrine coincides with his conduct for many years, as he strictly adhered to Lord Baltimore's way of life, intrigue, and oriental forms of courtship. Although, like the illustrious Duke of Bedford, he

possessed a great attachment to the pleasures of the turf, yet, being too wary, he never became the prey of sharpers.

In the year 1756, Lord March rode his own horse at Newmarket against a Scottish nobleman. Some time after, the celebrated race against time was suggested by his lordship ; which was, that a machine with four wheels should go not less than nineteen miles, within a space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed but three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the *knowing ones*, for a short space of time ; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

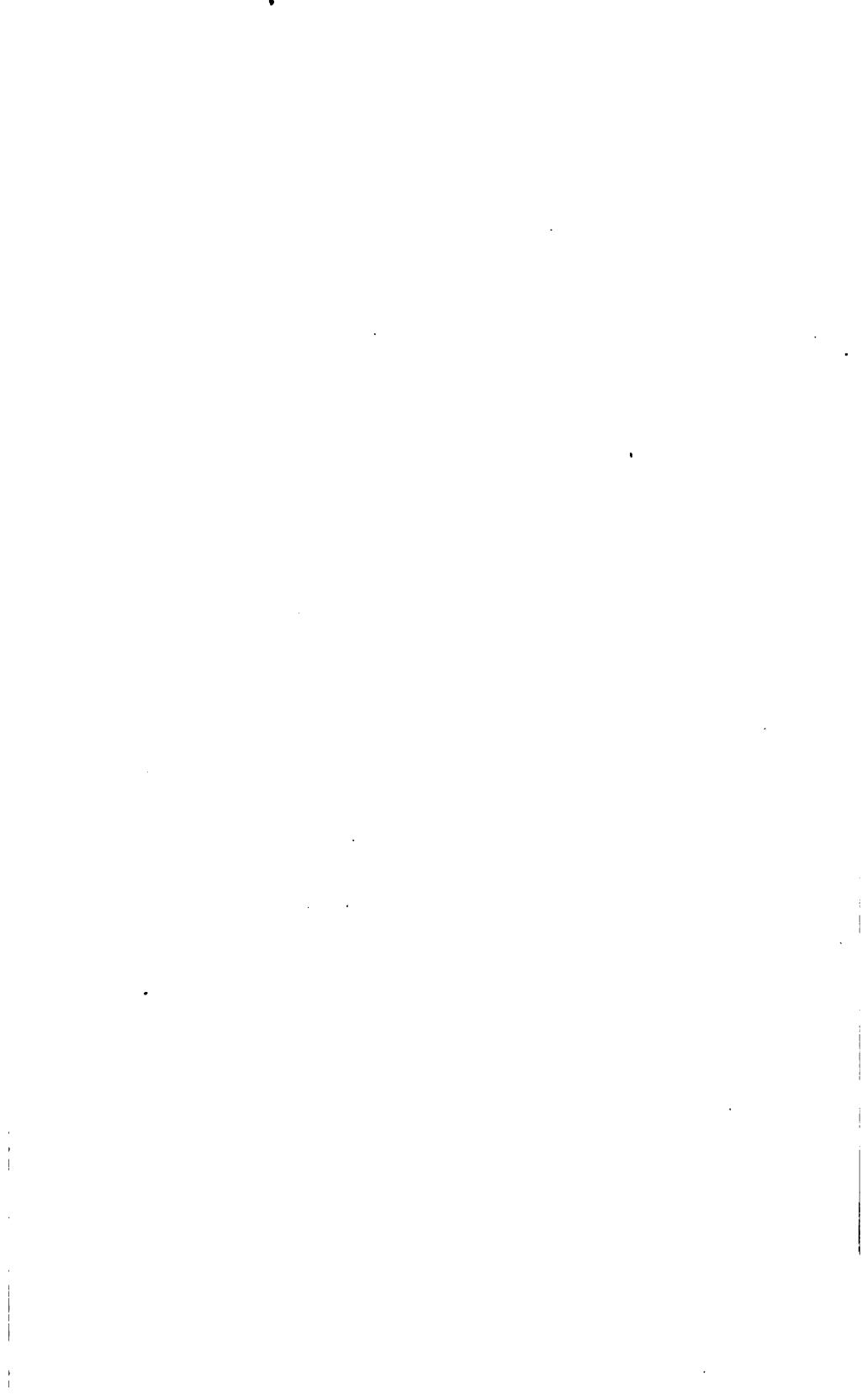
His grace has been biographied in so many Cyprian histories, that we shall say nothing here upon that subject, but refer the reader for information to the “Life of Maria Brown, a woman of intrigue, who lived formerly in Gros-

venor Place, the house of assignation for Kitty Fisher, Fanny Murray, Nancy Dawson, and others." But with all his follies, he had many good qualities ; and was a great friend to the poor, as well as to the industrious and deserving tradesmen, many of whom felt their loss by his death. He never turned a servant away without a positive proof of some fault or neglect.

His funeral was a very plain and private one ; in his own parish-church of St. James's, Piccadilly ; his remains were deposited the last day of December, 1810.

He died worth half a million of money, besides his estates.

His will and codicils amounted to 36 pieces, and many parts very questionable ; an apothecary who attended him in ordinary for many years, not finding himself in his will brought an action against the executors, and obtained a verdict of 5000*l.* for eight years' attendance.





JACOB HALL.

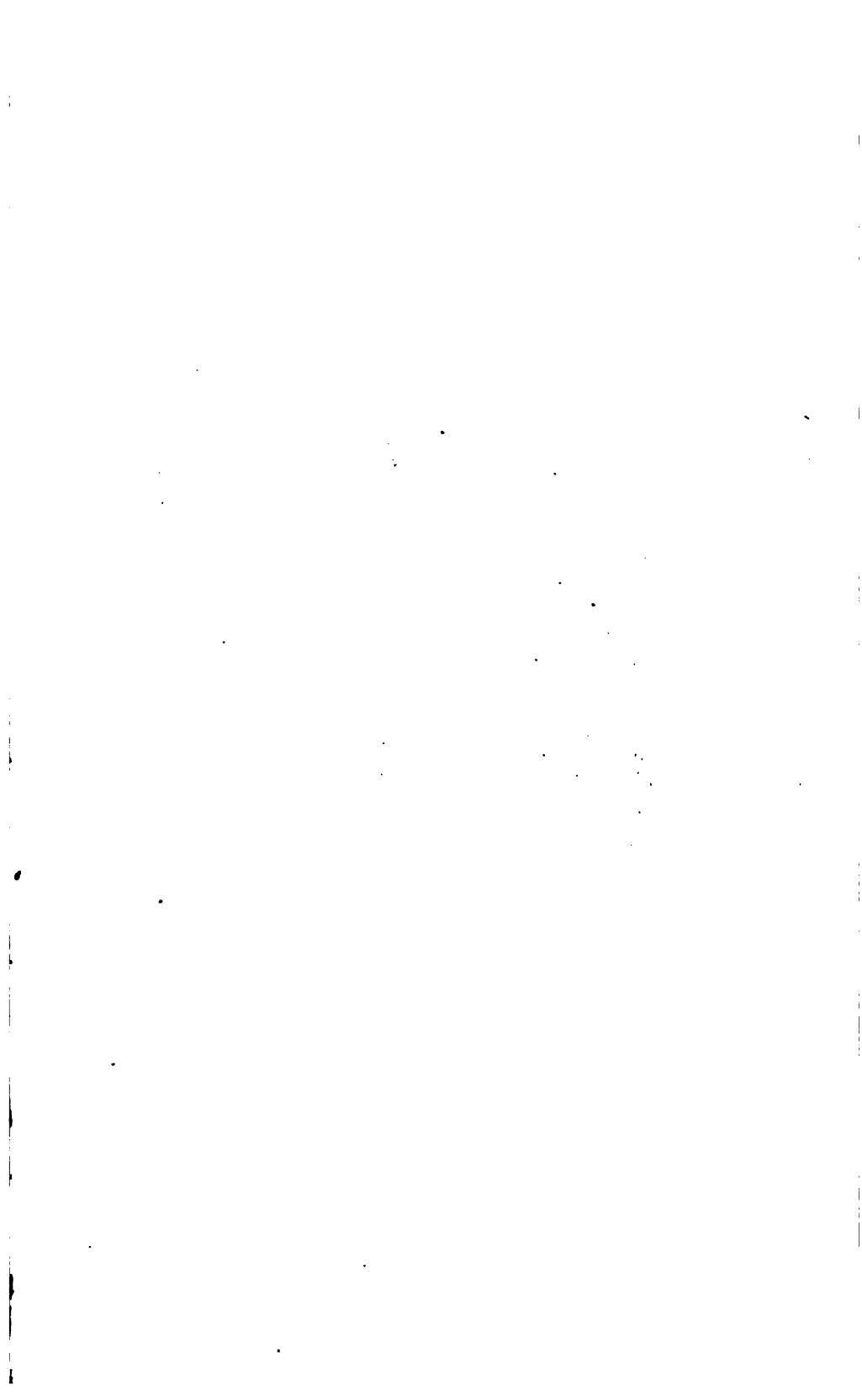
JACOB HALL,

THE ROPE-DANCER.

JACOB HALL, the famous rope-dancer, was in his highest repute in London about the beginning of the reign of Charles II. His feats gained him celebrity and patronage, and even the court ladies vied with each other in his favour. His strength and agility charmed in public, so much so that many wished to know what he was in private, for he appeared, in his tumbling dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the flimsy texture of enervated nobility. In this respect, if report may be believed, he is said to have perfectly satisfied the expectation of Lady Castlemaine. And according to the celebrated Grammont, he was the universal friend of every lady in distress.

There were a symmetry and elegance, as well as strength and agility in his person, which

rendered him a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland was long suspected to have been in love with him and with Goodman the player, at the same time, which is insinuated in the old prints of that day to have caused much laughter at their expence. Hall was poor, and received favors from her grace. He seems also to have been the favorite of King Charles II. who when he could not secure the fidelity of Lady Castlemaine, or whose charms were greatly diminished in his sight, advised her to take him into consideration, rather than give herself up to Jermyn, a favorite, who, by impudence and a few scraps of plays learned by rote, with a large head and small legs, had imposed himself as a necessary article at her toilet. The date of his death is not ascertained, but we may conclude he diverted the court of Charles II. the whole time of his reign. *See Granger.*





MOTHER LOUSE of LOUSE HALL.

MOTHER LOUSE,

OF LOUSE-HALL, NEAR OXFORD.

This good woman, like many other alewives, is reported to have been as fond of a drop of her own ale as any of her customers. The house she kept near Oxford was called Louse-hall, and was the constant visiting place of the students of the University, who very much approved of her beverage. It is imagined her armorial bearings were the result of her name, and drawn by some of the humorous scholars of the University who frequented her house.

Louse-hall has been many years quite forgotten as an antiquity, but in her time it contained the best sprigs of divinity to be found in that celebrated seminary. Before her death she was deprived of her licence by the Chancellor of the University, but is said to have been in good circumstances.

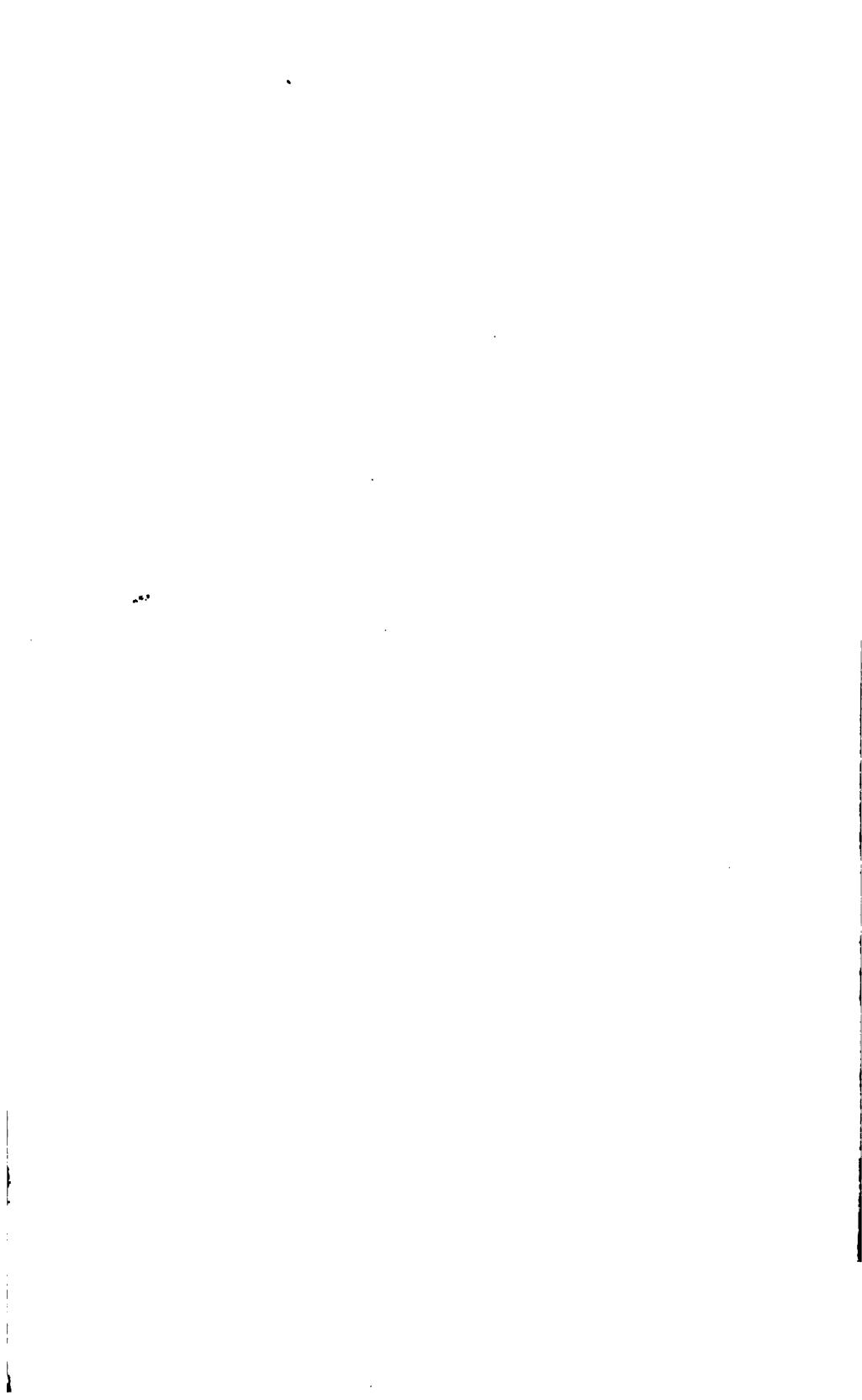
To the first print of this singular hostess, copied by David Loggan, are added the following verses :

You laugh now, Goodman two shoes, but at what—
My Grove, my Mansion-house, or my dun Hat?
Is it for that my loving Chin and Snout
Are met, because my Teeth are fallen out:
Is it at me, or at my RUFF you titter:
Your Grandmother, you Rogue, ne'er wore a fitter.
Is it at Forthead's Wrinkle, or Cheak's farrow,
Or at my Mouth, so like a coney-Burrough.
Or at those orient Eyes that ne'er shed tear,
But when the Exciseman comes, that's twice a year?
KISS ME, and tell me true, and when they fail,
Thou shalt have larger Pots and stronger Ale.

From the above verses, this woman is supposed to have been the last that wore a ruff in England.

The print from which the present one is taken is very much like the original painting, which is yet extant, and in the possession of Mr. John Denley, bookseller, of Bloomsbury.







SIR J. DINELY.

LIFE AND SINGULAR MANNERS OF
SIR JOHN DINELY, BART.
AND POOR KNIGHT OF WINDSOR.

THIS truly eccentric character was actually of an ancient and honorable family, but having run through his portion of the family entailments in various chivalrous pursuits after the ladies, he took to advertising for a wife, which scheme, though it did not ultimately succeed, made him a very remarkable man of his age.

His friendship with the Pelham family, and the interest of Lord North together, procured him the pension and resident situation of a poor knight of Windsor, where he very orderly resided, and was known to wear the Windsor uniform. Platonic gallantry was his profession, and to shew the system reduced to practice, he always abode by himself, not having a single servant-maid to wait on him in his solitude. Yet, with all his oddities he was particularly loquaci-

ous and chatty when abroad, though his discourse was always overcharged with egotism and his amorous proceedings.

In his dress he was no changeling, but uniform and exact to time in every thing. For nearly 130 years he was remarked in town on his occasional visits to the pastry and confectionary shops, where his assignations to meet the fair objects of his advertisements were fixed. On these occasions his figure was truly grotesque. If it was wet he was mounted on a high pair of pattens. His accoutrements were generally second-hand finery of a fashion at least a century old. He was then seen in his grandest style of elegance, with a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. On these occasions, not a little inflated with family pride, he seemed to imagine himself as great as any lordling: but on the day following, he might be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop near his country retreat, with a penny loaf in one pocket; a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a three-farthing candle in the other. Sir John was in the habit of receiving epistles

in answer to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews and ludicrous adventures occurred in consequence. He has more than once paid his devoirs to one of his own sex, dressed as a fine lady. At other times, when he has expected to see his fair enamorato at a window, he has been rudely saluted with the contents of a vessel which shall be nameless. But his passion for the fair sex was not so easily to be allayed, he appeared resolved to have a wife ; and his advertisements in the *Reading Mercury*, of 1802, appear dictated with the same warmth, and under the very same extravagant ideas which distinguished Sir John, at a period when the hey-day of his blood must have beaten considerably higher.

Sir John, we are told, once practised physic, but, in many respects, the *Medice Curare ipsum* could never be retorted with more propriety than upon him. Sir John, however, who was in the habit of attending book sales, always made large purchases of medical works. It was customary with him to attend twice or thrice a year at Vauxhall, and the Theatres, of which he apprised the public thro' the medium of the most fashionable

daily papers. At Vauxhall, he paraded the most conspicuous parts, and at the Theatre he was to be found in the front row of the pit; and whenever it was known that he was to be there, the house, especially by the females, was sure to be well attended. When in town, Sir John always made a point of attending the different auctions, to which he was particularly attached; but if he bought a catalogue, he was always sure to make a purchase to the value of a shilling to cover the expence. Lord Fitzwilliam, it is said, ranked among the number of Sir John's benefactors, as he made him an allowance of ten pounds per annum. Of late, Sir John added a piece of stay-tape to his wig, which passed under his chin to the other side; from this circumstance, some persons might infer that he was rather chop-fallen; an inference by no means fair, if we still consider the gay complexion of his advertisements and addresses to the ladies.

It appears that Sir John persevered in his addresses to the ladies till the close of his life. His applications to the British fair were addressed both to the *young* and *old*.

Those who objected to his age, he treated as envious revilers ; and as to their saying that he was upwards of fifty, he could refer to his portrait, or his person, and challenge them to believe it *if they could*.

Sir John Dinely lived at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description ; and in one of the many advertisements imputed to him, it appears that he expected the numerous candidates for his hand would present themselves individually, or in a body, before his residence. His fortune (if he could recover it) he estimated at 300,000*l.* He invited the widow as well as the blooming miss of sixteen, to his longing arms ; and addressed them in printed documents that bear his signature ; and in which he judiciously enumerates the sums the ladies must possess, who are candidates for his hand.

In his advertisements for a wife, he was always remarked to expect less property with youth than age or widowhood, yet he modestly declared, that few ladies would be eligible that did not possess at least 1,000*l.* a year, which, he observed, was

nothing compared to the honor his *high birth* and noble descent would confer; and referred the incredulous to Nash's History of Worcestershire. As a finishing stroke to this portrait, we shall present the reader with two of his latest advertisements, most of which, if desired, might be found in Capt. Grosse's Way to Wealth, Honor, and Riches.

“FOR A WIFE.

“As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem, by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest evidently will be superb, honorable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love, and an infant baronet. For 'tis evident I'm sufficiently young enough for you.

“An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the Queen's house. I

have ordered him, or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of 300,000!. Where is your dutiful parents, brothers or sisters, that has handed you to my open arms ? Venus, indeed, with her bow and quiver, did clasp me in her arms at the late masquerade ; but give me the charming Venus who is liberal enough to name the time and place for our marriage, as I am so much at your ladyship's command."

An Advertisement for a Wife, in the Reading Mercury, May 24, 1802.

“ Miss in her Teens,—let not this sacred offer escape your eye ; I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour.—With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commands me to give you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an infant Baronet for ever : for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers,

giving me a fair hearing, do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my 300,000*l.* and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. By your Ladyship's directing a favorable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house, in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, 11,000*l.* a year will be your ladyship's for ever."

In the Ipswich Journal, August 21, 1802.

"To the angelic fair of the true English breed. Worthy notice. Sir John Dinely, of Windsor Castle, recommends himself and his ample fortune to any angelic beauty of good breed, fit to become and willing to be a mother of a noble heir, and keep up the name of an ancient family, ennobled by deeds of arms and ancestral renown. Ladies at a certain period of life need not apply, as heirship is the object of the mutual contract offered by the Ladies' sincere admirer, Sir John Dinely. Fortune favors the bold. Such Ladies as this advertisement may induce to apply, or send their

agents, (but not servants or matrons) may direct to me at the Castle, Windsor. Happiness and pleasure are agreeable objects, and should be regarded as well as honor. The lady who shall thus become my wife will be a Baroness, and rank accordingly as Lady Dinely, of Windsor. Good will and favor to all ladies of Great Britain; pull no caps on his account, but favor him with your smiles, and pæans of pleasure await your steps.'

He finished his career in the still expectation of forming a connubial connection with some lady of property, and the papers announced his death, in May, 1808, at Windsor.

We have already spoken of the dignity of Sir John's descent; the following particulars further illustrate the subject attested. The family of Dinely continued to flourish in great repute, in the county of Worcester, till the last century, when it expired at Charlton, in the person of Sir Edward Dinely, Knt. sometime Justice of Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for this county; who, by Frances his wife, daughter of Lewis Watson, Lord Rockingham, left an only surviving daughter, Eleanor, his heir; who was mar-

ried to Edward Goodyere, of Burghope, in Herefordshire, Esq; which Edward was created a Baronet, 5th December, 1707, sixth of Anne, and was member in several parliaments for the borough of Evesham, and sometime Knight of the Shire of the County of Hereford. He died at a great age, 29th March, 1739, and was succeeded by Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. his eldest son; which Sir John Dinely Goodyere, of Charlton, Bart. assumed the name of Dinely, in respect to the large estate he inherited from his mother. He was the last of the family who enjoyed it, for having lived upon bad terms with his younger brother, Samuel Dinely Goodyere, captain of the Ruby man of war, and threatening to disinherit him in favor of his sister's son, John Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall, Esq.; it so alarmed and disgusted the said Samuel Goodyere, that he came to the dreadful resolution of murdering his brother, which he executed on the 17th of January, 1741.

John Foote, Esq. son of Eleanor, sister to Sir John, and elder brother to Samuel Foote, Esq. the celebrated comedian, was heir to his

uncle, and assumed the name of Dinely; but Dame Mary Dinely Goodyere, the widow of Sir John, surviving her husband, and holding the Charlton estate in dower, was re-married to William Rayner, a painter, in White Friars, London, who being thus in possession, partly by marriage, and partly by purchase from Mr. John Foote Dinely, became seised of the whole in fee, and sold Charlton to Joseph Biddle, of Evesham, Esq.; whose executors sold it, in 1774, to Messrs. Bessley, Socket Lilly, and Bevington, of Worcester, in partnership, who, or their representatives, were the possessors in 1779.

A friend at Bristol, who knew the mortal antipathy of these brothers, invited them both to dinner, in hopes of reconciling them, and they parted in the evening in seeming friendship; but the Captain placed some of his crew in the street near College-green, Bristol, with orders to seize his brother, and assisted in hurrying him on-board his ship.

The account of the unhappy fate of Sir John's father, is so remarkable, that we shall lay the following particulars before our readers:—

At the Sessions held before the worshipful the mayor of the city of Bristol, Michael Foster, Esq. recorder, and others of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the said city, March 26, 1741, Samuel Goodyere, late commander of his Majesty's ship Ruby, was indicted for aiding, assisting, and abetting, the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart.

At the same time, Matthew Mahony and Charles White were separately indicted for the actual murder of the said Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart.

Mr. Smith, an attorney-at-law, in College-green, Bristol, deposed, that the Sunday before this murder was committed, the deceased, by the deponent's invitation, was to dine at his house the Sunday following, of which the prisoner being apprised came into the neighbourhood, and sent for this deponent, and earnestly interceded with him to admit him into the company of his brother, the Baronet, under the pretence, as the prisoner said, to accommodate and reconcile their differences in an amicable manner.

The prisoner being at College-green coffee-house, Mr. Smith went to him, and was greatly pleased with the proposals of the prisoner, and the hopes of all disputes between them being settled; he, without the least hesitation, introduced the prisoner into the company of his brother, the deceased; and the prisoner behaved so well, that he and the deceased seemed to be as good friends as ever; and just as the deceased was about to depart, he took leave of the Baronet in the most affectionate manner imaginable. It was then dark, and about six o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Roberts, who kept the White-hart on College-green, opposite to Mr. Smith's house, deposed, that the prisoner came to his house early in the morning, the day before the murder was committed, and ordered him to get a dinner ready for six men, who were to dine there that day.

Mahony was not one of the six that dined, but the company talked much about one Mahony; he was a man well known to Roberts, and had been often at his house: the people that dined there were dressed like seamen, and

Roberts took them for Captain Goodyere's men, and that the captain had a mind to treat them at his house. They dined in the balcony up one pair of stairs towards the green, and in the afternoon, after dinner was over, Goodyere sent word to Roberts to make tea for the six men, which greatly surprised him, it being very uncommon drink for jack-tars. They all went away of a sudden, and Roberts bid them welcome without going out of doors.

Charles Bryant being called upon by the Court, deposed, that he was one of the six men hired by Captain Goodyere, to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him a-board the Ruby man-of-war, then lying in the King's-road. They met, by the prisoner's directions, at the White-hart, on College-green, where a handsome dinner was provided. They were placed in the balcony to receive a signal, and obey the word of command, without giving the least suspicion to the people of the house. About six o'clock in the evening the signal was given, and they left the White-hart, and overtook the deceased just before he came to College-green coffee-house, where Bryant and others seized

him at the word of command of the prisoner. They then rushed on the deceased, and dragged him along towards the Rope-walk, where was a gang of twelve more of them, who were ready to assist according to the prisoner's instructions. The deceased was hurried towards the Hotwells, where a boat was waiting purposely to receive him.

The prisoner was with them all the while, directing, aiding, and assisting, and when the deceased cried out, "Murder! murder! I am Sir John Dinely Goodyere;" the prisoner stopped the deceased's mouth with his cloak, so that the people, not knowing his name, only asked what was the matter? The answer the prisoner and the ruffians gave was, that he, the deceased, was a thief and a murderer, and had made his escape from a ship, and they were going to take him a-board to secure him, in order for his trial; the prisoner still stopping the deceased's mouth, to prevent his crying out.

When the deceased got into the boat he had a little more liberty than before, and he made use of it to speak to the prisoner to this effect:—

“ Brother, I know you have an intention to murder me; I beg, that if you are resolved to do it, that you would do it here, and not give yourself the trouble of taking me down to your ship.” To which the prisoner replied, “ No, brother, I am going to prevent your rotting upon land; but, however, I would have you make your peace with God this night;” and, in the most unfeeling manner, hurried the deceased a-board the ship. He cried out loudly for help, and made a great noise; but the prisoner took the précaution to tell the crew, “ That they need not mind his noise, because he was mad; and that he had brought him on-board, on purpose to prevent his making away with himself.” They then conveyed him to the purser’s cabin, and all of them, except Mahony and White, were ordered ashore, with directions to conceal themselves, and keep out of the way of enquiry.

Bryan further deposed, that he and five more were hired by the prisoner, at a guinea a head, to bring the deceased on-board; that neither of them belonged to the Ruby, but to the Vernon schooner.

Mr. Berry, the first lieutenant of the prisoner's ship, deposed, that being on deck he saw the deceased brought on-board late in the evening on the 23d of January last. The deceased was immediately carried into the purser's cabin, and there kept till five o'clock in the morning. That the prisoners Goodyere, White, and Mahony, were with the deceased. That he saw the prisoner and deceased through a crevice in a cabin adjoining to the purser's cabin. That the deponent, and the cooper of the ship, and his wife, were together, and by means of the crevice saw the whole transaction. The agreement between Goodyere, White, and Mahony was, that Mahony should have 200*l.* White 150*l.* and what money the deceased had in his pockets, and his gold watch. After the agreement was concluded on, Mahony and White went about their bloody work, the prisoner Goodyere standing sentry with his drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, to kill the first person that should make any opposition in what they were about.

The first thing they did, they took a handkerchief out of the deceased's pocket; Whist

held his hands, while Mahony put it about his neck, and then each of them pulled as hard as he could, in order to strangle the deceased at once; but Sir John making a desperate struggle, the prisoners could not effect it, so as to prevent his crying out "murder! what! must I die? Help! help! murder!" &c. To prevent any further noise, the prisoner Goodyere ordered Mahony to take a cord he had laid ready. The prisoner Mahony then slipped off the handkerchief, and put the cord about the deceased's neck, and, with the cord in one hand, he thrust the other in the deceased's throat, and his knee against his stomach. In the mean while White held the deceased's hands, and took out of his pocket eight guineas and a gold watch. Then White came directly to the prisoner Goodyere, and acquainted him with what was done, and shewed him his brother's watch and money. The prisoner then asked Mahony and White, whether the job was quite compleated? they answered, Yes. Then the prisoner gave Mahony and White what money he had about him, and bid them get ashore directly, that they might the more easily make their escape before day-light came on.

Mr. Jones, the cooper of the ship, and his wife, confirmed the evidence of the lieutenant; and Mr. Ford deposed, that he had Mahony under his care for the foul disease for three weeks, when he told him he had a private job to do for Captain Goodyere, for which he was to have 200*l.* and then he would reward him handsomely for his trouble.

The prisoner, by way of defence, said, it was peculiarly hard that because his brother had been killed, he must, right or wrong, be considered the murderer. He was innocent of the fact, and had no hand in the murder laid to his charge. His brother was a lunatic, and, in a fit of phrenzy, strangled himself, which he said he could prove by witnesses; and calling one Sarah Gettings, she swore the deceased was mad by turns, and very often attempted to make away with himself. One Ann Gettings swore, that the deceased had been a long time subject to strange whims and phrenzies, and often talked of shooting, drowning, and strangling himself.

The discovery of the murder was perfectly accidental, and nearly as follows: Mr. Smith, (the gentleman at whose house Sir John

Dinely Goodyere, and his brother Captain Goodyere, spent a sociable hour together the day before) accidentally heard that evening, that a person who had the appearance of a gentleman was hurried in a very violent manner over College-green, and that a gentleman, who, by the description of him, answered to the person of the captain, assisted; and Mr. Smith knowing the ship was to sail the first fair wind, and remembering that they went out of the house nearly together, it came directly into his head, that the captain had took him on-board, with intent to destroy him when he came upon the high-seas. This suspicion being strengthened by other circumstances, made so deep an impression on his mind, that early in the morning he applied himself to Henry Combe, Esq. the mayor, for an officer to go and search the ship, before she sailed out of the liberty of the city, which reaches ten or fifteen miles down the river. The officer the mayor thought fit to send was the water-bailiff, with proper assistance, and full orders to search the ship for Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. The officer obeyed his orders; and coming to the ship, the cooper, his wife, and Lieutenant Berry, acquainted him

that they had been just consulting about the affair, and discovered to him what they knew of the whole matter, the captain being then safe in the cabin. The water-bailiff sent immediately this account to the city magistrates, who thought proper to reinforce him with a strong guard to secure the captain ; but before the guard came, the cooper and lieutenant had done the business.

A letter was sent, written with Captain Goodyere's own hand, and directed to Mr. Jarit Smith, attorney-at-law, on College-green, Bristol, purporting, that to his (the captain's) great surprise, he had discovered that his brother, Sir John, had been murdered by two ruffians, and that the villains suspected had made their escape. This confirmed Mr. Smith in his suspicions, and the captain being seized, as before mentioned, was brought before the mayor at the town-hall, where many of the aldermen and magistrates of the city were also assembled.

On the death of Sir Edward (the father of these unhappy brothers, and of Mr. Dinely,) Sir John, to whom the title of baronet devolved in right of his father, had a very pretty estate, when his father's, and that for which he

changed his name, were both joined. It is said that he was possessed, in the counties of Hereford and Worcestershire, of upwards of 4,000*l.* per annum ; but we are assured his income was as good as 8,000*l.* Sir John, about the age of twenty-three, married a young lady the daughter of a merchant of that city, who gave her a fortune of upwards of 20,000*l.*

But it so happened, some years after, through domestic jars in Sir John's family, that Sir Robert Jason, a neighbouring baronet, who came pretty frequently to visit Sir John, was suspected of familiarity with Lady Dinely.— Sir John's suspicions were raised to such a degree, that he forbid Sir Robert his house. The consequence of this was, that Sir John brought an action in the court of common-pleas, at Westminster, for criminal conversation, and laid his damages at 2,000*l.* The jury gave Sir John 500*l.* damages.

Sir John, after this, indicted his lady for a conspiracy to take away his life ; and by the evidence of a servant-maid, the lady was found guilty, and committed to the King's-bench prison, for

twelve months, and to pay a small fine. While she remained in prison, he petitioned for a divorce: but she being assisted with money by Captain Goodyere, and other friends, opposed it so strongly, that the House of Lords were of opinion that it could not be granted; and so dismissed the petition.

The Captain's view in furnishing the distressed lady with money, as he himself told Sir John, was, that he should not marry a young woman, and so beget an heir to his estate; and this was one of the principal motives that induced Sir John to leave the greatest part of his estates to his sister's sons.

By the death of Sir John, an estate of 400*l.* per annum devolved to the Lady Dinely, his widow, not as a jointure, but as an estate of her own; which Sir John, while living, kept in his own hands.

Thus the principal occasion of this horrid and barbarous murder, was the injury Captain Goodyere apprehended Sir John had done him in cutting off the entail of his estate, except 600*l.*

per annum, which he could not meddle with, in order to settle it on his sister's sons.

Captain Goodyere, Mahony, and White, received sentence of death, and they were accordingly executed, and hung in chains to the north of the Hot-wells, in sight of the place where the ship lay when the murder was committed.





L O R D R O K E B Y .

LORD ROKEBY.

LORD ROKEBY was born about the year 1712, near Hythe, in the county of Kent. He was the eldest son of Sir Septimus Robinson, Knt. whose family possessed considerable influence in the court of George II. He was sent, at the usual age, to Westminster-school, where the children of respectable parents are educated for the university. Accordingly, the subject of our memoirs was, in due time, admitted a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he applied to his learning with great diligence, and acquitted himself with ability. A proof of his progress may be ascertained by his early election to a fellowship, which he retained to the close of his life. The taste which he acquired for literature in his youth never forsook him. His library was large and well chosen; and he could refer to the contents of his several volumes with wonderful facility. Education is always sure of cherishing those seeds of good sense which lie latent in the

mind, and is an excellent means of raising the character to a meritorious celebrity. And tho' it may not be wanted as a medium of livelihood, it will greatly enhance the respectability of the possessor.

After the education of Lord Rokeby was completed, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany, a place celebrated for its baths, and, at that period much distinguished for the peace made there, by which the European nations were once more brought back to their accustomed serenity. The members who continually frequented this spot rendered it the resort of fashion—and here his lordship passed much of his time, indulging himself in every species of gaiety. His wit and politeness attracted no small attention, and he soon became the object of general admiration. Upon his return to his native country, the electors of Canterbury chose him to represent them in parliament. The duties of this public station he discharged with uncommon integrity. Duly apprised of the importance of his office, he made himself acquainted with the views of his constituents, and deemed himself only *the organ* through which they were to legislate for their country. Such

Were his ideas of the province of a member of parliament, and, agreeable to these notions, he acted in his public capacity with zeal and activity. At the ensuing general election he was re-chosen with acclamations of applause. The electors, who knew him to be an *honest* man, were proud of his services, whilst he, on the other hand, considered *their* approbation as a token of the most refined satisfaction. During the American war he remonstrated with peculiar energy against the measures taken against the colonists by this country. He foresaw the evil consequences which would proceed from coercion. He reprobated that species of taxation which was long a bane of contention with the Americans, and which induced them to aspire after that independence which ultimately crowned their exertions.

How long Lord Rokeby continued in parliament we are not able to say, nor can we with certainty assign the reasons of his resignation. He, however, positively refused to be chosen at the next election, and retired to his seat near Hythe, where he passed his life free from those cares and anxieties which generally attend public stations. The sensible mind is never at a loss for

enjoyment. Nature and art lay their stores at the feet of that man who properly appreciates their worth.

About this period his father died, when he came into the enjoyment of the paternal estate, which aided him considerably in the peculiar gratifications of his temper. He now led the life of a country gentleman, and indulged himself in those eccentricities for which he was long distinguished. It must, however, be mentioned in his praise, that, with all his peculiarities, he entertained his company with a liberal hospitality. His table, on such occasions, was plenteous, and the conversation was generally conducted with freedom and hilarity. His connections being large and respectable, and his person attractive, guests were seldom long absent, and were always handsomely entertained.

His seat, named *Mount Morris*, is pleasantly situated near Romney-marsh, in the vicinity of Hythe, where he was known and beloved. For his eccentricities, individuals who knew him well would make due allowance—but in strangers, who saw him for the first time, and were unacquaint-

ed with his history, the odd appearance of his person, and the singularity of his manners, excited the most curious sensations. But the interior constitutes the man, and, is, therefore, that part of the human character which deserves principal attention: It was not till the year 1794, that the subject of our memoir acquired the title of Lord Rokeby, by the death of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh. Thus he became a peer of the realm. This accession of honor produced no evil effect on his mind. Far from being elated on this account, he continued the same plain, honest man—a character on which he greatly prided himself. He knew that talents and virtue were the only criterions by which a man's character could be properly estimated. He considered all besides as mere empty externals, and perfectly unworthy of his attention. The trappings of grandeur were, in his opinion, only calculated to gratify the herd of mankind.

This venerable nobleman died at his seat in Kent, in December, 1800, in the 88th year of his age. No particulars relative to his dissolution, worthy of being detailed, have transpired. His person, his manners, and his mode of conducting

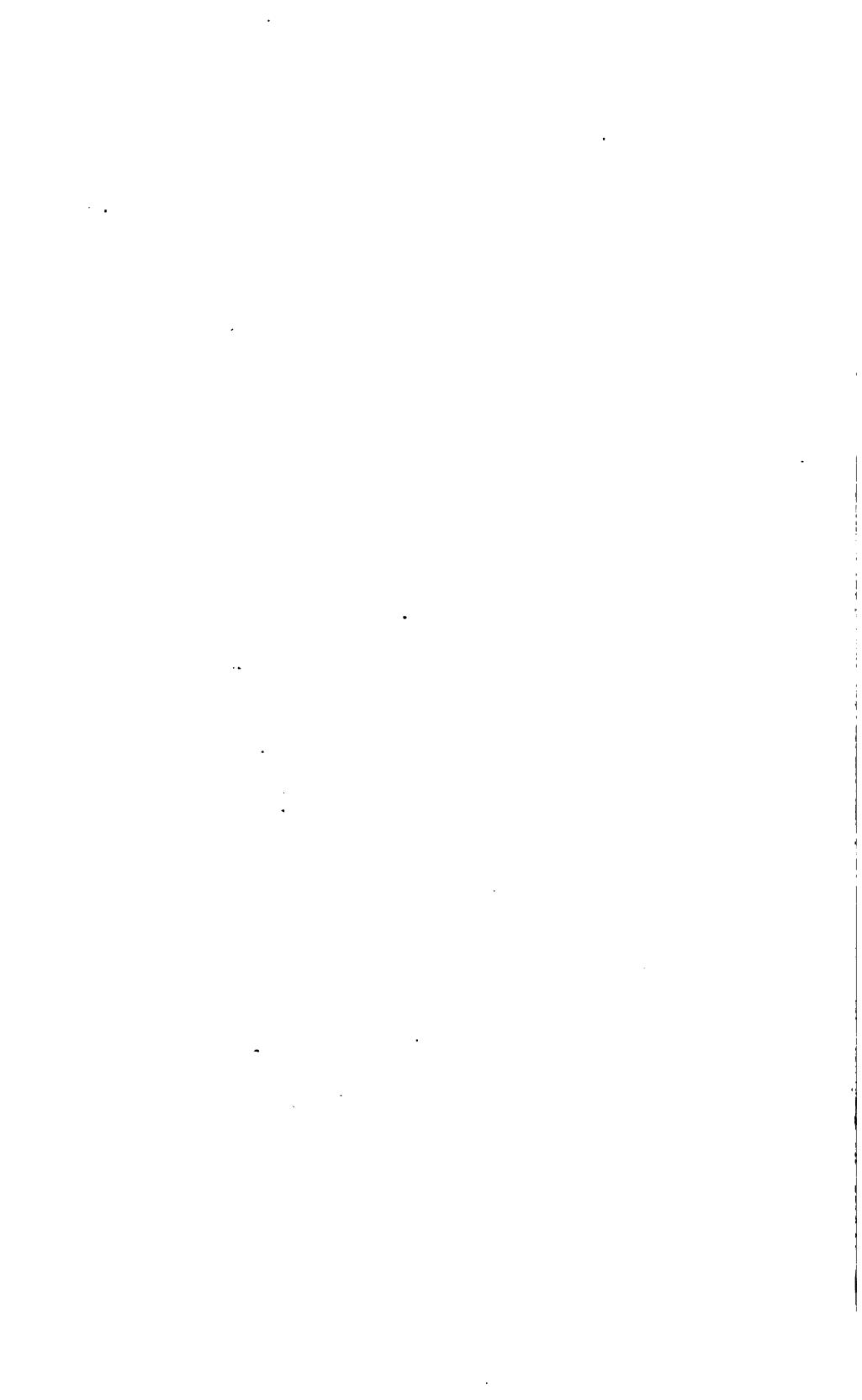
his paternal estate, are subjects of legitimate curiosity. We shall touch on each of these topics, because in them he displayed no small degree of eccentricity. 1st. With respect to the person of his lordship, he was distinguished by a *long beard*, which reached down almost to the middle of his body, as represented in the capital likeness which accompanies this article. This venerable appendage made him look like an inhabitant of the antideluvian world. We cannot ascertain the period when he first suffered it to grow, but its length proclaimed it of no recent date. Beards were once marks of respectability, particularly among the ancients, who were no mean judges of beauty. In this age, however, the case is reversed—and it is now considered as an indebatable token of eccentricity. Why his lordship adopted it we know not—reasons for such conduct are not easily found—it bids defiance to conjecture, and baffles sagacity. 2d. His manners and habits of life approached to a primitive simplicity, and, though perfectly polite, he, in most things, studied dissimilarity. He spoke and acted in a way peculiar to himself; at the same time treating those around him with frankness and liberality. His chief diet was beef-tea: wine and spirituous

liquors he held in abhorrence. Indeed, with respect to exotics, he discouraged their consumption, from an idea that our own island was, by means of its productions, competent to the support of its inhabitants. Beef, over which boiled water had been poured, and placed on a wooden platter, was a favorite dish, by which his appetite was frequently gratified. Tea, or coffee, he would not touch ; for sugar he substituted honey, being particularly partial to sweets. Of course many stories were told of his diet, not true ; but with regard to the particulars already specified, the reader may rely on their authenticity. Nor should we here forget to mention that he was extremely fond of *bathing*, even from an early period of life, and continued the practice almost to his dying day. The frequency of his ablutions is astonishing, and he used to remain in the water a considerable length of time. His constitution had been accustomed to it, and, probably, his health required such reiterated purifications. To this circumstance is ascribed Lord Rokeby's great longevity. This subject is further corroborated by the following account of his lordship, which was published some time ago. A gentleman making the tour of Kent, thus speaks of his visit to

Mount Morris :—“ On my approach to the house I stopped for some time to examine it. It is a good, plain, gentleman’s seat ; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I perceived a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the proper inquiries, I was carried by a servant to a little grove, to the right of the avenue, which being entered at a small swing-gate, a building, with a glass covering, dipping obliquely to the south-west, presented itself, which, at first sight, appeared to be a green-house. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and, on looking in, I perceived a bath immediately under the glass, with a current of water supplied from a pond behind. On approaching a door, two handsome spaniels, with long-ears, and apparently of King Charles’s breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, until soothed into security by the well known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched *on his face*, at the further end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair on

his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke, which he did shortly after, when he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house." This characteristic anecdote accords exactly with other accounts that have been communicated respecting this extraordinary nobleman. 3d. His manner of conducting his paternal estate, forms another singular trait in the character of his lordship. It was his mode to suffer every thing on his lands to run out in all directions. The woods and parks with which his mansion was encircled, were left to vegetate with a wild luxuriancy. Nature was not, in any respect, checked by art—she sported herself in ten thousand charms, and exhibited the countless forms of variety. The animals also, of every class, were left in the same state of perfect freedom, and were seen bounding through his pastures with uncommon spirit and energy. In some respects, this general licence which he gave to the animate and inanimate objects around him may challenge admiration. Nature, in such a

case, must undoubtedly be more unrestrained in her operations, and expand with greater grandeur and sublimity. But, nevertheless, it must be confessed, that this idea was carried by his lordship to an excess. The God of Nature has left much to be performed by the care and industry of man. We are expected to reduce many things to juster proportions—and to render this lower world, by improvements, subservient, in a still higher degree, both to our pleasure and utility. Such, then, is the portrait of Lord Rokeby—we have endeavoured faithfully to delineate his character—and happy shall we deem ourselves should it be found we have sketched the features with fidelity.





ANDREW BORDE.

ANDREW BORDE,

THE ORIGINAL MERRY-ANDREW.

ANDREW BORDE was born at Pevensey, in the County of Sussex; he was educated at Werkham's School, Oxford, where he studied physic; after which he made a considerable tour throughout Europe and Africa. It was in the year 1542, that he commenced Doctor of Physic, at Montpelier; and, on his return from France, he took the same degrees at Oxford. He practised at Pevensey, Winchester, and London. He was a man of great superstition, and of a weak and whimsical mind. It was from the humorous speeches he made at the different fairs which he frequented, that the original epithet of *Merry Andrew* derived its name.

He was author of several works. He lived in the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Queen Mary; and, after having been a Carthusian, he still professed celibacy, drank water three

times a-week,—wore a shirt of hair,—and, every night, hung his burial sheet at the foot of his bed. He wrote against such priests and monks as married, after the dissolution of the monasteries. But Bishop Poynet tells us, he kept three women, and thereby stained his pretensions to purity; but others assert, they were only patients labouring under a dangerous malady.—Be this as it may, he was acknowledged a learned man, a good poet, and an excellent physician; in corroboration of which, he was principal physician to Henry VIII. and a member of the College of Physicians, London.

The title-page of his *Introduction to Knowledge*, runs thus:—“The first book of the *Introduction of Knowledge*, the which doth teach a man to speak part of all manner of languages, and is now the usage and fashion of all manner of countries; and for to know the most part of all manner of coins of money, the which is current in every region.” From this flaming title, it appears, that the art of puffing is not peculiar to the present age, but was then practised both by authors and booksellers.

A work of his was printed in London, 1575, entitled, "The Breviary of Health ; wherein doth follow Remedies for all manner of Sickneses and Diseases in Man or Woman; expressing the obscure terms of Greek, Araby, Latin, Barbary, and English. Compiled by Andrew Borde, Docter of Phisicke." A small quarto, printed in black-letter. He also published a Jest Book, which is now exceedingly scarce.

There is no doubt he was a man of considerable erudition ; yet, says Dr. Tabor, "He is not mentioned in the Biographica Britannica, though many are inserted there of less note." He died a prisoner in the Fleet, April, 1549 ; yet it is probable, not for debt, because he left in his will two houses at Lynn, in Norfolk, and his goods and chattels in his house at Winchester, to one Richard Matthew, whom he constituted his heir, without making any mention of his kindred.

In the first chapter of his Introduction to Knowledge, he has characterized an Englishman ; and there is a wooden print of a naked man, with a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shears in his left-hand,

Under the print is an inscription in verse. The four first lines are as follows :—

“ I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
“ Musyng in my mynde what rayment I shall were :
“ And now I will were thys, and now I will were that,
“ And now I will were—I cannot tell what,” &c.

He had such promptitude in writing, that it is said he completed his Treatise on Astronomy in four days, and with an old pen, without mending.





LORD FALKLAND.

LUCIUS CARY,
LORD VISCOUNT FALKLAND,
SECRETARY OF STATE TO KING CHARLES I.

ACCORDING to report, he was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610. His youth was spent in levity, but he soon reformed and became an example of his age. He very early came to a great fortune, bequeathed immediately to him by his grandfather, the Lord Chief Baron, without passing through either father or mother, (who were then both alive) and which was left entirely at his own disposal. Very shortly after he became in possession of this estate, and before he was of age, he highly offended his father, by marrying a young lady, whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion; and at this his father was very much hurt, as it disappointed all his hopes and expectations of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune and desperate hopes at court, by some advantageous

marriage with his son, which he had long anticipated as the only means of accomplishing his object. The son was conscious of his offence and transgression, and the consequence of it. Yet he could not repent of having married a lady of extraordinary virtue, with whom he had every prospect of happiness. His father's indignation, however, carried him so far, (though he was a gentleman of excellent parts) that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate; so that the son actually remained in the possession of it against his own will, for which he afterwards found great reason to rejoice. But he was, for the present, so afflicted with his father's displeasure, that he transported himself and his wife into Holland, resolving to purchase a commission in the army, and to spend the remainder of his life in that profession; but the campaign of that summer proving quite inactive, and finding no opportunity of distinguishing himself, he dropped his design and returned to England, resolving, as he was not likely to improve himself in arms, to apply himself to literature.

Being a man of property, he soon took a large house in Oxford, and formed a literary museum,

open to all in that city, as well as those who resorted thither from London, who found apartments there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in it till he came to dinner or supper, where all sat down together. With him there was no troublesome ceremony or unnecessary etiquette; every thing was conducted with the most pleasing affability; so that many went thither to study, finding in his library every book they could desire, and a society of the most agreeable and illustrious personages.

This mode of life being so congenial to his disposition, he remained in the country for many years; during which period he made himself complete master of the Greek tongue, an object he was resolved to accomplish before ever he returned to London. Pursuant to this resolution, he applied himself assiduously to his studies: and, before he was twenty-three years of age, he perused all the Greek and Latin fathers, and was indefatigable in looking over every work of importance that was published, which he accumulated together at a great expense, and caused to be transmitted to him from all parts, comprising the

most approved ecclesiastical writers, which he perused with great care and observation; With this great industry, he had a retentive memory, and an understanding and judgment capable of applying it seasonably and appositely with the utmost dexterity and address, and without the least pedantry or affectation.

In 1663, about the time his father died, he was made one of the gentlemen of his majesty's privy chamber. Notwithstanding which, he continued to retire to Great Tew and Oxford as before, for the sake of the company of learned and ingenuous men. He was likewise a member of the most polite societies. In 1689 he was in the expedition against the Scots; and, though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had the promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

Through some misunderstanding of the instructions given by the two houses to the Earl of Essex, this troop lost its favor, in consequence of which he offered his services to the king, for whom he subscribed to levy twenty horse. His eccentric behaviour, and desperate resolution

carried him into infinite dangers and difficulties, and at last concluded his career. He attended the king to Bristol, and to the battle of Edge-hill, where, after the enemy was routed, he had like to have incurred great danger, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms. He was also with his majesty at Oxford, and at the siege of Gloucester, where he likewise exposed himself to much danger.

From the beginning of the civil war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit, to which he had never been used, stole upon him. After the resolution of the two houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him, became confirmed; and he, who had formerly been easy and affable to all men, became quite the reverse. In his external appearance, which he had before always minded with great neatness, industry, and expense, he became slovenly and indifferent; and in his reception of visitors, so quick, sharp, and severe, that he was looked upon as proud and imperious. When there was any overture, or hope of peace, he would be more vigorous, and

exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it. And frequently, while sitting with his frinds, he would, with a shrill and sad accent, repeat the word *Peace*, *peace!* and would passionately profess, that the agony he endured on account of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom endured, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart. This extreme uneasiness seems to have hurried him on to his destruction ; for, the morning before the battle of Newbery, he called for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it, answered, that " If he were slain in battle, they should not find his body in foul linen." Being persuaded by his friends not to go into the fight, as having no call to it, he said, " He was weary of the times, and foresaw much misery to his country, and did believe he should be out of it ere night." Putting himself, therefore, into the first rank of Lord Biron's regiment, he was shot with a musket-ball in the lower part of the belly, on the 20th of September, 1643, and instantly fell dead from his horse. His body was not found till the next morning. Till then there were some hopes that he was taken prisoner ; though his relatives, who knew his tem-

per, received but small comfort from that imagination.

Thus fell, in the prime of life, the great, the good Sir Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, secretary of state, before he had attained his four and thirtieth year; having made that accession to his knowledge which the oldest seldom arrive at. His usual saying was, "*I pity unlearned gentlemen in a rainy day.*" His person was not very graceful, for he was low of stature, nor his aspect inviting, having rather somewhat of simplicity in it; and even his voice had a kind of harshness not very agreeable; but these defects were entirely overlooked, and lost in the contemplation of the virtues of his mind.

There is an anecdote in Dr. Walwood's *Memoirs*, which states, that, during their residence at Oxford, his majesty went one day to see the public library, where he was shewed, among other books, a *Virgil*, neatly printed and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to divert the king, would have his majesty make a trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgiliæ*, an usual kind of divination in ages past, made by opening a

Virgil. Whereupon the king opening the book, the period which happened to come up, was that part of Dido's imprecation against *Aeneas*, (*Aeneid*, Book IV. ver. 615, &c.) part of which is thus translated by Mr. Dryden.

Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace.

King Charles seeming concerned at this accident, Lord Falkland, who observed it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner; hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression the other might have made upon him; but the place Lord Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny than the other had been to the king; being the following expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son Pallas, (*Aeneid*, Book II. ver. 152, &c.) translated by Mr. Dryden, as under:—

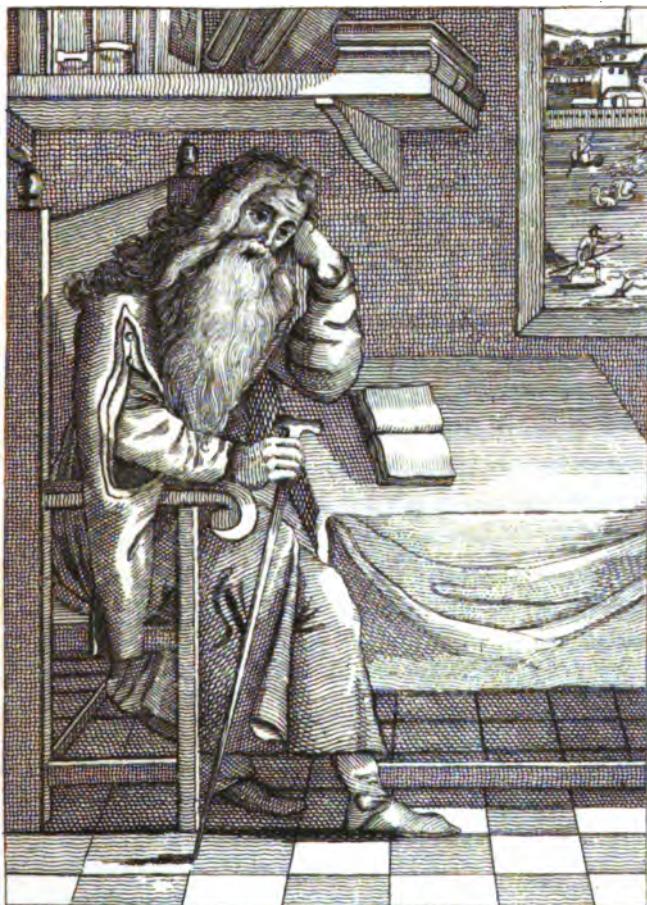
Oh, Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword!

I warn'd thee, but in vain ; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue :
That boiling blood wou'd carry thee too far ;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war !
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come !

Never was any man more lamented, nor with greater reason. With the Lord Falkland, Lord Clarendon says, he lost the joy and comfort of his life, which he lamented so passionately, that he could not for many days compose himself to business. This noble writer, in his History of the Civil War, and in his own life, speaks of him with the highest expressions of admiration, reverence, and esteem. They had lived in the strictest and sincerest friendship for a long course of years, without the smallest intermission ; and the chancellor declares, he never, in his whole life, felt a severer stroke of fortune than the death of his dear friend Lord Falkland ; which, as he expressed himself, happened in a conjuncture of time when the death of every honest and discreet person was a very sensible and terrible loss, in the judgment of all good men.

SINGULAR LIFE AND RETIREMENT OF
HENRY WELBY, Esq.
OF GRUB-STREET, IN CRIPPLEGATE.

BENEVOLENCE and humanity are the certain characteristics both of a great and generous mind, and while they incite us to promote the felicity of others, they convey no small portion of happiness to ourselves. The truth of this remark has been verified by the subject of this short sketch in no small degree: and, though his peculiarities have been great, he has, nevertheless, displayed a sensibility of heart which, *even in this enlightened age*, is rarely to be met with. To record regularly the incidents of his life, it will be necessary to commence with his birth, which biographers inform us took place in the year 1552, in a small village in the county of Lincolnshire, where he enjoyed an estate of 1,000*l.* per annum. Possessing a gay and volatile disposition, this income was found very inadequate to his mode of life.



H. WELBY, ESQ.
who lived 44 Years in Grub Street,
without being seen by any Person?



Having received a liberal education, in him were combined all the accomplishments of the gentleman and the scholar: and, further to augment his store of knowledge, which he had acquired at the university and the inns of court, he took a tour through several of the most polite parts of Europe. Hitherto he was a stranger to difficulties or disappointments.—His suavity of manners—his conversational powers—and his well-known benevolence, obtaining him universal esteem; yet, strange to say, a circumstance occurred, in the fortieth year of his age, that gave a complete turn to his heart; and he was, in consequence thereof, induced to retire from the world. This arose from an attack which was made upon him on his road home, by an highwayman (said or supposed to be his brother) who attempted his life with a pistol, which not going off, he had strength and address sufficient to wrest it from his hands, and found a double charge in it. This villainous attack operated most powerfully on his mind, insomuch, that he formed the resolution of taking a house in Grub-street, and shutting himself up entirely from all his associates and relatives, even his own children: he reserved three rooms for his own use; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study.

Within these apartments he kept himself so closely retired, that for *forty-four years* he was never seen by any person except Deborah, his old maid-servant, who had only been permitted by accident to see him in some cases of urgent necessity. The prying eye of curiosity never violated his retired and singular way of life. Secluded from all intercourse with the world, he lived in quiet meditation, and in the most abstemious manner. Milk, vegetables, and water-gruel, or an egg or two at most, were his constant fare, yet his table was replenished with every thing in season, though he seldom partook of it himself. He was very curious in knowing how the world went, and as there were neither Newspapers nor Magazines then, he bought up as many new books as he could get intelligence of; most of these, after perusal, he gave to his old servant to sell, and constantly applied the produce to the poor. For many years together not a single inquiry was made after him, but by a certain person, supposed to have been a relative, a few years before his death. But these inquiries were seldom more frequent than twice a year.

His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was

ever more constant and rigid to his rule. His plain garb, his long white beard, his mortified and venerable aspect after his death, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of independent fortune, in a populous city. His income, which was at that period considered large, he expended in acts of impartial benevolence and charity, much of which was bestowed with a degree of singularity that deserves to be recorded. Though his servant never saw him, but upon very emergent occasions, yet, through her means, he communicated his gifts to the poor of his neighbourhood, in a very exact way. Any case of extraordinary urgency was immediately relieved, if a petition, to this effect, was laid before him at his meal-time. When he wanted any thing with the old woman, he used to ring a bell in the middle room, and directly retire to the inner apartment, from whence he issued his mandate, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by her. Yet upon all these, and every other occasion, this old servant, though his agent in every thing, never saw her master, for she dared not enter his room until he had rung the bell in the middle chamber, and was retired and locked in the back one, where he

slept. When his orders were particularly long or multifarious, he disposed of them upon slips of paper, with cautions which to execute first.

The festivals he strictly observed. Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas, were days of extraordinary benevolence with him. On these occasions he constantly caused a large quantity of every provision in season to be dressed, and provided a quantity of plates and dishes, upon which, as the meats were dressed, Mr. Welby, at a signal given, carved and cut up, and attached labels to each mess, which he caused the old woman to send or deliver to the respective applicants, who never saw their benefactor, for they were not suffered to enter the house. Upon the representation of extraordinary cases, in which he did not like his charity to be quite so conspicuous, the old woman was dispatched with money, wrapped up in paper, with directions to throw it in at the door or window of the room where they lived, and directly disappear; which practise he had perhaps adopted from the words of the gospel, "Let not your right-hand know what your left-hand does." After having thus spent an irreproachable, though singular, life of

benevolence and goodwill to all men, he closed his account with this world the 29th of October, 1636, in the 84th year of his age, and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. His old servant died a few days before him. Mr. Welby left behind him an amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hillyard, a gentleman of fortune in Yorkshire; but neither she nor any of the family ever saw her father after his retirement.

LINES ON HENRY WELBY, ESQ.

Arabia yields a *Phenix*, and but one,
England this *Phenix*, besydes him none.
To solitary desarts both retyer,
Not mindinge what the world doth most admire;
His face, though it was much desyrd by many,
In forty yeares was not scene by any.
She in spc'd flames, in fervent zeale he dyes,
And both in tyme, new Phenixes shall ryse.

LINES BY TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

Old Henry Welby, well be thou for ever,
Thy purgatory's past, thy Heavens end never.
Of eighty-four years life, full forty-four
Men saw thee not, nor e'er shall see thee more !
Twas piety and patience caused thee
So long a prisoner (to thyself) to be.
Thy bounteous house, within, expressed thy mind ;
Thy charity, without, the poor did find.

MEMOIRS OF THE NOTED
MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL,
SURGEON, DENTIST, AND PROFESSOR
IN THE ART OF CUTTING
FISTULAS, &c. &c.

WHEN the spirit of impudence assumes too grotesque a figure, it is but right to display it in its own colours; a selection of singular advertisements forms the principal part of this eccentric Surgeon's memoirs; his motives for so doing we must leave to the judgment of the public. From his own account of himself, given in a recent publication, the truth of which may be relied on, he was born in Eagle Street, near Red Lion Square, February, 1735: his parents were honest Hollanders, who, at a very early period, placed him as pupil under the late Doctor J. Hunter, F. R. S. With this gentleman he made great progress in anatomy, and his diligence ac-



MARTIN VAN BUCHELL.



quired him the esteem and respect of all who knew him. He married rather early in life a respectable young lady, and his practice as a surgeon produced him a sufficiency to keep up a figure in the world. Death removing an affectionate consort, he formed the singular resolution of wearing his beard; which some assert, was a task imposed upon him by his late wife, who, in her last moments, exacted from him a solemn promise to that effect. This lady he never buried, but preserved her remains in a curious case, where she now lays embalmed, and for some time prior to his death, he annually exhibited her in this preserved state to his friends and relatives.

In speaking of the profession and practices of this truly eccentric character, we beg to refer the reader to the account which he gives of himself, part of which is as follows:—

“ Has been very long in the habit of curing fistules, piles, wens, carbuncles, mattery pimples, inflammations, boils, ulcers, aching legs, tumors, abscesses, strictures, and ruptures, without confinement, burning, or cutting.

“Pains he lessens much; often speedily. Now gives worthy friends, fragrant, wholesome tea; himself prepares it very carefully;—and uses daily with his family; wife, and eight children. One small tea-spoon full makes enough, for two ounces serve fifteen times; taken for breakfast; instead of such thing, as have done much harm. Used to shave his beard, 'till twelve years ago, then he thought it wrong.

“He does not take wine or any strong drink. Eats but little flesh.

“Frequently rides out on his grey poney. Goes to bed early; and rises betimes.

“Was the inventor, of elastic bands; (gentlemen wear them to keep up small clothes.) Also cork buttons, to iron stirrups; spring girths for saddles; and many like things.

“Is of opinion that horses should not be dock'd, nick'd, nor trimm'd.

“More than thirty years he has resided in his present house; Mount-street, in London; Number 56; very near Hyde Park. M. V. B.”

To the above account, we beg to add, that Mr. Van Butchell has not only been an assistant to gentlemen with respect to trusses, but also to ladies as a dentist and surgeon, in removing tumors, wens, and other enemies to beauty, as will appear in the following curious advertisements, copies of which we here subjoin, as the best proofs of his extraordinary abilities.

MORTIFICATIONS.

“ He that doth well, cometh to the light.”

“ Old People, (especially professors of the healing art; and such of their friends, as are not fond of intestine medicines) are respectfully informed, that MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL, (of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square), Surgeon-Dentist, and Patentee, for spring-bands, has invented, and (himself) prepared, a neat, clean, pleasant smelling, outward SPECIFIC, for BLEEDING FUNGUS’, INFLAMMATIONS, SUPPURATIONS, CAR-BUNCLES, ULCERATIONS, and MORTIFICATIONS !

‘Spare not!—Waste not!—Is the Authors motto:

And he meant to give—each Patient plenty

Of his specific, in hopes none will dare

To be profuse,—or at all purloining:

“JOHN HUNTER, Esq. F. R. S. (of Leicester-square), Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Surgeon-general to his Majesty’s Forces, had a small bottle of it presented to him very lately:—when he saw two Patients, and the said SPECIFIC, most readily applied (to their bad parts) with much success!

This—is not like any extract of Lead;

(That palsy-producing,—noxious Metal:)—

Nor,—the King’s Evil Rouser—Mercury:—

(Dire,—predisposing Cause—of many Woes:)—

Nor,—anatomy;—often dangerous:—

(Nor,—the Caustick,—Lapis infernalis:)—

Nor,—that injurious poison,—Arsenick:—

(Nor,—Hemlock; which, too long amus’d weak
minds,

But ESSENCE from fine GOLD—

Sweet BALM of LIFE!

Those known (at the WORLD OFFICE) some may
smell—

And not smell only—but see—feel—and taste
One drop—on Sugar.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICI-
ANS, And the

Corporation of SURGEONS of London,
(Those proper GUARDIANS of infirm bodies,) May see—if they please—such as Mr. JOHN HUNTER has with pleasure seen, on giving notice to MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL,
“Who sends forth words of truth—and sober-
ness.”

So many die—wanting the BALM OF LIFE;
Aged Folk—should ever have it by them!—
And so ought the young: as a PREVENTIVE,
Of what might end in—

Sad PUTRIDITY.—

Observe,—
Strong Drinks—make Weakness,—and are bad
For them that use

VAN BUTCHELL’s Balm of Life !

LOOK—at a CASE—and
Say—“FACTS—are STUBBORN!”

“Sir—I Return my humble thanks for the Benefits I Rec’d. by Youre drops my Fingar was in a Mortify’d State my nail roted of and

my finger stunk that I Could hardly Indure the Smell of It & in the Course of Nine Days Making Use of Youre Drops by the Blessing of God I was Inabled to Work from Youre Humble Servant

SAMUELL JENKINS Shoe maker Living
April 18th at No 2 Exchange
1791. Court Strand London

* * * The patient will tell who saw his finger, (—and what they said—) before he used the BALM of LIFE!"

World, Sat. Aug. 30, 1791.

" *BY the GRACE of GOD.*
We—CURE—SAD—TOOTH—ACH:
In TWENTY Minutes :—Without DRAWING It:
LIKEWISE, BAD RUPTURES : VERY
SPEEDILY.

With FIR Bandages :—THAT do not Torture.

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL:
SURGEON for the TEETH :—More than THIRTY
Years.

" *THEY—THAT—SEEK—SHALL—FIND.*"

“TUMORS—ON—FACES:

Gums,—Necks,—and Arms of—The fairest

LADIES:

And FAIR Gentle-MEN:

STYS—UPON—EYE-LIDS:

PARALYTIC—Strokes :—WEAKNESSES—of—

JOINTS:

BIG—VEINS—IN—MAN’s—LEGS

FUNDAMENTAL—ILLS :—PROLAPSY—ANI:

WENS and CARBUNCLES:

SWELLINGS—near—the—GROIN :—FISTULE—

and PILES:

CURED—WITHOUT—CUTTING;

Or SCARIFYING.

“ MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL, from his Anatomical—Chemical — Experimental — Mechanical—Medical—Philosophical—Practical— and Surgical Knowledge, is depended on, as the truest friend to sober people, sorely afflicted with

 sad complaints.

Advice—new Guinea.

COME from TEN (10) till ONE :

For he goes to none.

Mount-street, in London :
 Number 56 !
 Very near Hyde Park.

“ *EMPERORS,—Princes,—DUCES and—
 MARQUISES,*

*May want our Aid. We are paid as others are
 not ; We have said what others dare not.*

THE Great JOHN HUNTER * Taught Me to
 Get first :

*E*ccentrically—In **Neat—HEALING-ART !**
 To **SAVE FEELING BLOOD—Is the GIFT**
 of **GOD :**

And the **WILL of MAN** :—Concerning himself :
 So we do much good :—Curing **FISTULE**
Without Confinement, Fomentation, Risk:
Injection, Prolide, Caustic, or Cutting.
FEE, is Two per Cent.—On Five Years
 PROFIT :

Qui All the Money down :—Before I begin.
ANANIAS, FELL !—DEAD : FOR KEEPING
 BACK !

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

* **SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING :**
 And Surgeon General to his Forces.

“THE—first MAGISTRATE
And other SINCERE—Lovers of this STATE
Are now informed—most respectfully
That some years ago, MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL,
had an appointment to meet
(—At Lady HUNLOCH’s House, in Stratford
Place—)
his able teacher JOHN HUNTER, Esq.
Who overtook him in Grosvenor-square, and
bade him get into his Chariot :—soon as he was
seated,

John, said, “What mischief are you about now ?”
Martin. ‘Curing the King’s Evil.’

John. “I can’t cure the King’s Evil.”
Martin. ‘I know you can’t Cure the King’s
Evil :—If you could cure the King’s Evil, I
should not trouble myself about the King’s Evil :
but I want to do !

‘What you cannot do !’
John. “That is right.—Do you try to get
first. (—We know nothing, compared to what we
are ignorant of—) Make yourself of consequence
and then every body will make you of conse-
quence ; but if you don’t make yourself of conse-

quence, nobody else will.—I do assure you,—many are in very high esteem, and very full practice, that (—comparatively—) know no more about **HEALING** than *Dray-Horses* :—they have not **POWERS**.

“ **Y**OU—**T**RY—**T**O—**B**E—**F**IRST!”

“ **H**INTS—**T**o—**T**HE—**C**ap—**C**LUB.

(—“ Behold !—now is the day of Salvation.”
“ Get Understanding :”—As the highest Gain.)
Cease acting boyish :—Become quite manly !
Girls are fond of *Hair*: (—and love *Comforters*—)
See their *Bosom Friends* :—Large *Waists*—*Muffs*,
Tippets.

Let your **BEARDS** grow long :—*Shun-Bad-Company* :

That ye may be strong—In Mind—and—Body:
As were Great-grand-Dads :—Centuries ago:
When JOHN did not owe—a single Penny !
More—Than—He—Could—Pay.”

“ **L**IVES—**A**ND—**F**ORTUNES—**M**EN.

Mind not your own *Fears*:—Nor what others say:
If ye want *Curing* :—In *Bad-RUPTURE* way :

Bring *Cash* in Pockets :—That he need not write:
I *don't* like PROMISES :—Even *Black* and
White:

FROM—BANKS—IN—ENGLAND.”

Telegraph, Saturday, March 11, 1794.

To these we could add several others, but the above, we presume, will be sufficient to illustrate our hero's character, both for his ingenuity and for his eccentricities as a writer. Mr. Van Butchell, regardless of the *pomp of fashion*, frequently rode about on his grey poney, the accoutrements of which attracted royal attention. He was a very cheerful companion, and remarkable for affability. He had two wives, and his having kept the body of his first for some time in his house, in a preserved state, occasioned much curiosity, and a variety of conjectures.

This uxorious humour gave rise to a report that he was entitled to some property as long as she remained *above ground*. We must, however, drop a subject of which we have no authentic information : we shall, therefore, conclude with a

quotation used by our author in another of his advertisements, which may account for his not having shaved himself these twelve years.

* * * BEARDS—

‘THE DELIGHT OF ANCIENT BEAUTIES.

‘When the fair was accustomed to behold their
‘lovers with beards the sight of a shaved chin
‘excited sentiments of horror and aversion.

‘To obey the injunctions of his Bishops,
‘Louis the Seventh, of France, cropped his
‘hair and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Aqui-
‘taine, his consort, found him, with this uncom-
‘mon appearance, very ridiculous, and con-
‘temptable. She revenged herself, by becom-
‘ing something more than a coquette. The
‘King obtained a divorce.’

The peculiarity of Mr. Van Butchell’s advertisements—his diction, and mode of spelling, added to the great efficacy which he attached to his specifics, rendered his character notorious, and obtained him a most extensive connection.—His *new guinea*, however, in course of time,

gave place to *a clean pound note*.—This arose, we presume, from the great scarcity of gold about that time.

His death, which took place a few months since, appeared to arise from a complete decay of nature.—His illness was short, and his mind calm and collected to the end.

THE PIG-PYE MAN.

Reduc'd by sloth, how impious idlers rail !
Alas ! by industry how few men fail !
Fools only with their state find fault :
Life is the gift of Heav'n ! as such we ought
Daily the means to lengthen it contrive ;
And since we wish to live, to live should strive.
Fearless of want, the poor blind Pig-man roves,
Not thro' luxuriant meads, nor fragrant groves,
But humbly steps from street to street along,
Whilst infants joyous chuckle at his song :
*A sow-pig and a boar-pig, and a pig without ever a tail :
A boar-pig and a sow-pig, and a pig with a curling tail.*
To sight tho' stranger, and in state tho' poor,
Rich in content—what mortal can be more !
Of Heav'n's goodness cease then to despair,
For ev'ry individual's Heaven's care.

AMONG the numerous itinerants who have at different periods frequented the streets of London, and made themselves conspicuous by the eccentricity of their dress, their cries, or their article of sale, none, we believe, ever excited more public attention than the subject of this memoir.



THE PIG PYE MAN.



Of the place of his birth, or his name, we have not been able to gain any correct information. He frequented the streets of London about twenty years ago, and, though blind, was a good looking man ; he was extremely corpulent, and his face bespoke better days. A boy, as represented in the plate, always accompanied him in his walks.

He used to sell pigs, made of what is called standing crust, about three or four inches long, with currant-sauce in their bellies : the chaunting of his ditty,

“ A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,”

always carried with him a vast deal of company, and being always cleanly in his person, and his pastry appearing good, the quantity he sold was astonishing.

Various have been the number of itinerant venders of pastry, gingerbread and other eatables in London.

The first we have on record, was *Colly Molly* a little man crawling between heaven and

earth, scarcely able to carry his basket of pastry, he was very celebrated in London, in the reign of James II.

About fifty years since, an uncultivated hero, desirous of obtaining celebrity, used to infest the purlieus of London, on horseback, mumbling "*Holloway Cheesecakes*," which, from his singular utterance, sounded like "*All my Teeth ache!*"

Tiddy Doll rendered himself also conspicuous at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs. The mode he had of collecting customers was to chaunt a song, commencing with *Tiddy Doll, Tiddy Doll*, which indeed were the only words that could be understood. As the cockneys are always fond of something new, it answered his purpose, they bought his gingerbread, and *Tiddy Doll* was amply recompensed for chaunting. He used to wear a large cocked-hat and feather, with a broad lace on it; he had the honor of being imitated not only by the venders of gingerbread, but also at the fashionable masquerades.

Another man became famed for vending *Hot Plumb Pudding, all Hot*. He was remarkable

for being dressed extremely genteel, and his pudding, in general, very clean: several minor pudding-mongers have risen up, and endeavoured to imitate his cry, but they fall infinitely short of the original, in loquacity, address, and witty sayings.

Shuter, the comedian, once entertained the town with his imitations of the various cries of London; they formed a conspicuous line in the play-bills of his time; Johannot, also, imitated some characters very happily. Foreigners have often exerted their pencil in pourtraying the *costumi* of the Criers of London: why should they not find a titch in history, as well as the gay, licentious man of fortune? Spurn not then the humble efforts of the poor.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their honest songs, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor ! ”

FRANCIS BATTALIA,

THE STONE-EATER.

THIS man, according to Dr. John Buliver's, "Man Transformed, or the Artificial Changeling;" printed in London, 1653, is supposed to be an Italian. By this testimony, it appears he was born with two small stones in one hand, and one in the other; by which provision nature is said to have indicated the means of his future food, and the *hard meat* he was to live on. The doctor asserts in his book, "that he devoured about half a peck of pebbles every day, and when he jumped or chinked his belly you could hear the stones rattle within him, as if they were in a bag; all which, in twenty-four hours, were resolved and voided in the usual way, after which he resorted for more." Other food, the Doctor said, did not stay with him. Meat, bread, broth or milk, he could not retain on his stomach, but he could take beer, and smoke tobacco.



F. BATTALLA; THE STONE EATER.



He was short of stature, swarthy, active, and strong, and served as a soldier in Flanders, and afterwards in Ireland, where he made such good use of this property, that he sold his allowance of provision at a good price, to persons who bought of him to see his wonderful way of dining ; for he told the doctor, that while at Limerick, in Ireland, he sold his sixpenny loaf and two-pennyworth of cheese for 12s. 6d. to a company, who witnessed his swallowing above half a peck of gravel and pebble stones.

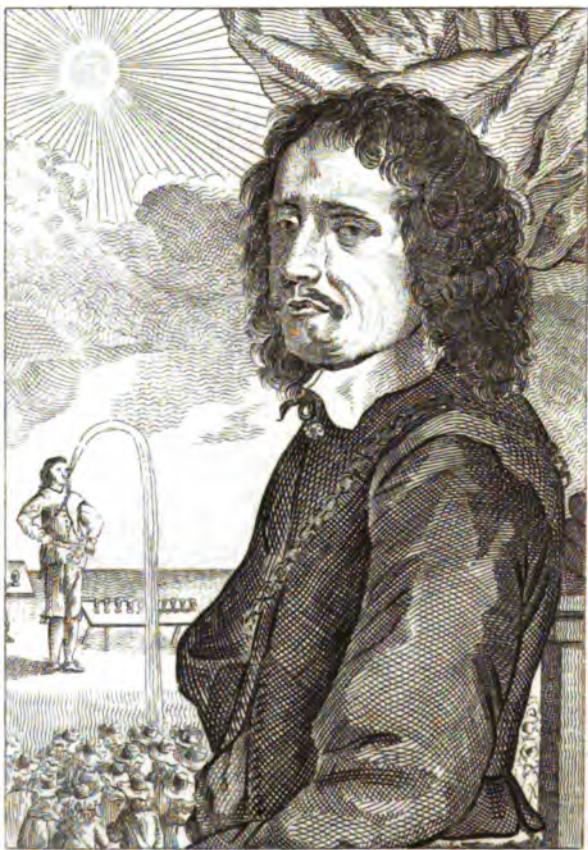
It seems the fellow, when he first came over, was suspected for an impostor, and was, by the command of the state, shut up for a month, with the allowance of two pots of beer, and half an ounce of tobacco every day. He endured this confinement, and was in consequence acquitted from all suspicion of deceit.

After all, the doctor says, in defence of *stone-eating*, he was a more delicate feeder than many of our *newspaper wonders*, who devour improper food for a trifling wager.

Mr. Boyle, in his observations on this individual, takes the opportunity of cautioning the public

against placing implicit confidence in all they hear. Inquisitive as he was, he appeared doubtful as to the possibility of entirely subsisting on stones.





THE WATER - S POUTER.

BLASII DE MANFRE,

THE WATER-SPOUTER.

BLASII DE MANFRE was the name of this juggler, who came from Germany during the reign of Charles I. But the troubles of the times prevented the public admiration from being general. He was famed for swallowing large quantities of water, and discharging it again, converted into various sorts of liquors, such as wine, beer, oil, milk, &c. He was, in his time, one of the most wonderful jugglers that ever appeared, but our admiration now is greatly diminished at such mummery, and though he was regarded as a magician by some of the most learned men of that age, it is well known that all this, and much more, can be done without the aid of supernatural powers. How long he abode in England is uncertain: Mr. James West asserted that he remained here many years. The print is copied from a very rare original, and perhaps unique one, which Mr. Granger never saw but in one collection. He travelled all over

his own country, as well as France and various parts of Europe ; but very prudently declined going to Spain, for fear of the inquisition, for in his time their holinesses, the judges of that tribunal, confined a man and his horse for confederacy, by which the animal could tell the cards, the hour of the day, and other things, by significant tokens from his master, and it was with difficulty both escaped, though the owner proved that he was an honest showman, and that his horse was not indebted to the devil for any faculty more than was peculiar to every beast in Spain.





DICK SWIFT,
Thiftaker, Teaching his Son the Commandments.

DICK SWIFT,

**WHO DENOMINATED HIMSELF THIEF-TAKER TO
THE CITY OF LONDON.**

THE genealogy of the lowest culprit, is of as much consequence to society as that of the first minister of state, whose ambition has ruined his country. This villain, who is a native of Lancashire, was bred in a stable and farrier's shop. His first progress in London was not remarkable for its regularity, and he at length got taken to the Gate-house, Westminster, from whence Mr. Justice De Veil committed him to Newgate, but he was acquitted for want of evidence at the Old Bailey.

After this he became artful and cunning, and was active in bringing forward young depredators and shoplifters to justice ; and observing that the police of the city of London was peculiarly defective, he proffered his assistance for the detection

of robbers, and went so far as to be connected with the notorious gang of thieftakers. He was imprisoned upon the discovery of the conspiracy, and lost a favorite opportunity of becoming Jack Ketch, (a place which he had for some time aspired after,) another being made in his stead.

The court magistrate at this time sat at Goldsmith's-hall for the examination of delinquents, and one day, as Dick and a constable were conveying a prisoner from the Compter to the hall, just as they were going through Bell-court, St. Martin-le-grand, he was shot at by a thief, named Burnworth, belonging to the gang, who suffered soon after for his crimes.

He resided at this time in Kingsland-road, and for some time kept the Dun Horse, facing Red-lion-court, which he used to call his garrison, as it contained his staff assistants. Though he acted upon a narrower scope than Jonathan Wild, he made a great sum of money, and it was customary for gentlemen travelling that road to call upon Dick, and ask him for the *pass-word*. The most usual signal was—"I've seen him,"

by which his men understood they must let them pass.

The time of his death is no where recorded, and the portrait from which we have engraved this print used to hang up at his house in Kingsland-road. Our readers will observe the physiognomical meaning of this family piece, and determine by the face the honesty of the father and son, who, while the former is pointing to the commandment, the son picks his pocket, which made Dick often say, "he was a chip of the old block."

V. GREATRAKES, Esq.

**FAMOUS FOR CURING MANY PEOPLE BY
THE STROKE OF HIS HANDS.**

THIS very singular character was the descendant of a respectable family, in the county of Waterford, where he was born, in the reign of Charles I. He was educated at Lismore-school, where he continued until he was fully qualified for entering Trinity-college, Dublin : about which time the rebellion broke out, and owing to the then distracted state of the nation, he was obliged, with his mother (who had several other small children) to flee for refuge into England, where they were relieved, by his uncle, Mr. Edward Harris; after whose death, young Greatrakes was committed to the care of Mr. John Daniel Getseus, a German, minister of Stoke-gabriel, in the county of Devon, who for several years instructed him in theology, philosophy, &c. About the year 1624 he returned

to his native country, but was so exceedingly affected by the miserable and reduced state it was then in, that he retired to the castle of Caperquin, where he spent a year in serious contemplation on the various vicissitudes of life.

In the year 1649, he became lieutenant in the regiment of Roger, Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, then acting in Munster against the Irish and Papists; but, upon the regiment being disbanded (1656) he retired to his estate at Affane, and was soon after appointed clerk of the peace for the county of Cork, and registrar for transplantation, and justice of the peace. About the year 1662, he began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary virtue, in being able to remove the king's-evil, or other diseases, by touching or stroking the parts affected with his hand. This imagination he concealed for some time, but at length revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea. Resolved, however, to make a trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father, for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, as this lady was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in

her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's-evil, but was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes' laying his hands upon the parts affected. Several other persons having appeared to be cured in the same manner, of different disorders, he acquired considerable fame in his neighbourhood. But being cited in the bishop's court at Lismore, and not producing a licence for practising, he was prohibited from laying his hands on any person for the future, but still continued to do so till January, 1665-6, when he came to England, at the request of the Earl of Orrery, in order to cure the lady of the Lord Viscount Conway, of Ragley, in Warwickshire, of a continual violent head-ache. He stayed at Ragley about a month, but failed in his endeavours to relieve this lady, notwithstanding he is said to have performed several miraculous cures in those parts, and at Worcester: he was sent for to Whitehall, by his majesty's orders, where he is said to have wrought many remarkable cures, in the presence of several eminent and skilful persons. Mr. Stubbe, who was an eye-witness of his various cures in Warwickshire, published a Work in 4to. on the subject, in which he maintains, "that Mr. Greatrakes was pos-

essed of a peculiar temperament, as his body was composed of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof being introduced, sometimes by a light, and sometimes by a violent friction, he could restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, reinvigorate the blood, and dissipate all heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the deceased, by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands, and feet." This publication was addressed to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esq. who, in a private letter to the author, expressed his displeasure at the circumstance, particularly as Mr. Stubbe endeavoured to shew that Mr. Greatrakes' gift was miraculous. Mr. Glanville imputed his cures to a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; others (and perhaps with greater probability) to the force of imagination in his patients. Mr. Boyle, however, having seen Mr. Greatrakes' performances in April, 1666, acknowledged his remarkable cures. This extraordinary man afforded much matter for the press, and various pamphlets were published *pro* and *con*; particularly one in 4to. supposed to have been written by Mr. David Lloyd, reader to the Charter-house, under the title of "Wonders no Miracles, or Mr. Valentine Greatrakes' Gift of Healing examined, upon occasion of a sad

effect of his Stroking, March 7th 1665, at one Mr. Cressell's house, in Charter-house-yard, in a letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place." This attack obliged Mr. Greatrakes to vindicate himself; and, accordingly, he published a list of his "Strange Cures." It is well-known that he retained his popularity for a considerable time, which at length rapidly declined, as the expectations of the multitude that resorted to him were not always answered.

The most rational conclusion to draw, is, that the cures were done more by the force of imagination in the patients than by any virtue in Mr. Greatrakes' hands.

Granger mentions a singular instance of the effects of imagination: he says, "I was myself a witness of the powerful workings of imagination in the populace, when the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation. The virtues of the spring there were supposed to be supernatural, and to have been discovered by a dream to one Matthew Chancellor. The people did not only expect to be cured of such distempers as were in their nature incurable, but even

to recover their lost eyes, and their mutilated limbs. The following story, in corroboration of this circumstance, was told me by a gentleman of character, 'An old woman in the workhouse of Yeovil, who had long been a cripple, and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to make use of the Glastonbury-waters, which she was assured would cure her of her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water: which had such an effect, that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a miraculous cure: but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched the water from a common spring.' I need not inform the reader, that when the force of imagination had spent itself she relapsed into her former infirmities."

ROBERT NIXON,

THE CHESHIRE PROPHET.

ROBERT NIXON, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1467, at Over, in the county of Cheshire, in the seventh of Edward IV. He was short of stature, with a remarkable large head, and piercing eyes: his face bespoke a vast deal of innocence, blended with great conception and fore-thought. His father held a farm at the above place, known by the name of Bark, or Bridge-house: at a very early age he sent his son Robert to the plough, and afterwards into the service of Mr. Crowton, of Swanlow; it was in this employ that they perceived that singular turn in the manner of Robert, which afterwards rendered his name so famous.

It is said he was of a malicious turn of mind, particularly towards children; drivelled as he spoke, and was very surly; but of this part of



R. NIXON,
The Cheshire Prophet.



his history we have no authentic evidence; certain it is, he was distinguished for his great simplicity of manners, and was uncommonly reserved; when he spoke it seemed to hurt him much; he was remarkably satirical, and what he said had generally some prophetic meaning.

His parents, at their decease, left their farm and Robert to the care of his elder brother, and it was about this time that the monk of Vale-royal, having displeased him, he said, in an angry tone,

When you the harrow come on high
Soon a raven's nest will be;

which is well known to have come to pass in the person of the last abbot of that place, whose name was Harrow. Being called before Sir Thomas Holcroft, he was put to death for denying the supremacy of King Henry VIII. who, according to his commission, having suppressed the abbey, the king gave the domain to this knight and his heirs, who bore a raven for their crest.

As he was one day driving the team, whilst his brother's man guided the plough, he pricked an ox so very cruelly with his goad, that the plough-holder threatened to acquaint his master; on which Nixon said, the ox should not be his brother's three days hence; which accordingly happened, for a life dropping in the estate, the lord of the manor took the same ox for a heriot.

At another time he foretold that Norton and Vale-royal abbies should meet on Acton-bridge, a circumstance which appeared not only improbable but absolutely impossible; yet, strange to say, this prophecy was literally fulfilled;—the whole of those ancient piles having been demolished, the stones were used for the purpose of repairing the bridge, an event which, at that time, was perfectly unexpected:—he further prophesied, that a small thorn, which was growing in the abbey-yard, wóuld become the door. Though at that period superstition was at its zenith, there were but few who were so credulous as to place any reliance in its accomplishment, and more especially as it was well known that the thorn never arrived at so extensive a

growth as to admit the practicability of its becoming the door of so stately an edifice. This, however, was understood as being literally the purport of the prediction, an idea which ultimately proved to be erroneous, as the meaning was quite different. At the time of the reformation, when plunder and rapine were carried on under the sanction of religion, and with the pretence of banishing superstition and pulling down idolatry, they spared not the most revered lineaments of antiquity. The most valuable paintings, and figures of the best workmanship, were irrecoverably lost in one common fit of destructive zeal. Vale-royal became subject to these devastations, and this thorn, amongst the rest, being cut down, was cast into the door-way, to prevent sheep, which grazed in the court, from going in ; thus was fulfilled another prophecy, which considerably augmented the celebrity of our Prophet.

But the reformation he declares in still plainer terms ; for he says,

“ A time shall come when priests and monks
Shall have no churches nor houses,

And places where images stood,
Lined letters shall be good,
English books through churches are spread,
There shall be no holy bread."

Though it is not our intention to recite every particular he is said to have foretold, it may not be amiss to mention what is fresh in the memory of every one who lives near De-la-mere Forest, and what has been attested by several of the oldest inhabitants :

" Though Weever-hall shall be alone,
Ridley-pool shall be sown and mown,
And Darnel-park shall be hacked and hewn."

The two wings of Weever's-hall are now standing, and between them is a cart-road ; Ridley-pool is filled up, and made good meadow land ; and in Darnel-park the trees are cut down, and it is made into pasture ground.

He also foretold the use of broad-wheels, &c. and that the town of Norwich, (now a considerable place of trade for salt,) will be destroyed by water, which is confidently expected to come to pass, by the natives of Cheshire ; and some

urge, that the navigable cuts lately made is the water meant, but whether a prejudice against those useful improvements may not have given rise to this notion, time only can determine.

But what brought Nixon most into public notice was, at the time when the battle of Bosworth-field was fought between Richard III. and Henry VII., he stopped his team on a sudden, and, pointing with his whip from one hand to the other, cried, "Now Richard! Now Henry!" several times; till, at last, he said, "Now Harry, get over that ditch, and you gain the day." The plough-holder, amazed, related what had passed when he came home, and the truth of the prediction was verified by special messengers, sent to announce the proclamation of King Henry of England on the field of battle.

The messenger who went this circuit related, on his return, the predictions of Nixon concerning the king's success. Henry, somewhat surprised at this information, though he by no means doubted the dispensation of Providence, however contrary to human expectations, sent the same messenger back to find Nixon, and bring him

before him ; at the moment the king gave his orders, our prophet was in the town of Over, running about like a madman, declaring the king had sent for him, and that he must go to court and there be *clammed*.* Such a declaration occasioned much laughter in the town, to think that a king, so noted for his wisdom, should send for a dirty driveling clown to court, and more so at the ridiculous conjectures of the prophet as to the consequences ; but, how great was the surprise, in a few days after, when the messenger, passing through the town, demanded a guide to find Nixon, who, at this very juncture, exclaimed, as he was turning the spit at his brothers, "He is coming, he is now on the road for me ;" but the astonishment of this family can scarce be imagined, when on the messenger's arrival he demanded Nixon in the king's name : the people who before scoffed at his simple appearance and odd saying, and had pointed to the very children to make him their sport, were now confounded to find the so apparently ridiculous assertion confirmed. Whilst passing through the country,

* *Clammed* signifies *starved*.

Nixon still loudly lamented that he was going to be starved at court!

He had no sooner arrived here, than the cautious king, willing to make trial of his fore-knowledge, devised the following scheme to prove it. Having hid a valuable diamond ring, which he commonly wore, after the most seemingly strict inquiry, made throughout the palace, whether any one had seen it, he sent for Nixon, telling him what a loss he had sustained, and that if he could not help him to find it, he had no hopes left. But how much surprised was the king when he was answered by that old proverb,

“ He who hides can find.”

On which he declared, with a smile, that he had done this only to try the prophet; but ever after ordered, that what he said should be carefully put in writing.

To prevent Nixon's being starved, his majesty gave orders for him to have full liberty to range throughout the whole palace, and the kitchen was selected as his constant dwelling. Besides which, an officer was appointed to take care

that he was neither misused nor affronted by the servants, and that every necessary of life should be at his command. Thus situated, one would have thought want could never have reached him; yet, one day, as the king was going to his hunting seat, Nixon ran to him crying, begging, in the most moving terms, that he might not be left, for that if he were, his majesty would never see him again alive; that he should be starved; that now was the time, and if he was left he must die.

The king, whose thoughts were doubtless fixed on the diversion in which he was about to participate, and supposing the matter so very unlikely to come to pass, only said that it was impossible, and recommended him strongly to the officer's care; but scarcely was the king gone from the palace gate, when the servants mocked and teased Nixon to such a degree, that the officer, to prevent these insults, locked him up in a closet, and suffered no one but himself to attend on him, thinking that he should prevent this part of his prophecy from coming true. But a message of great importance coming from the king to this very officer, he, in his readiness to

obey his royal command, forgot to set poor Nixon at liberty, and though he was but three days absent, before he recollects his prisoner, he found him, at his return, dead for want of food : thereby confirming, in his death, the veracity of his prophetic mission.

Thus stands his prophecy in every mouth in Cheshire ; yet a greater affront cannot be given, than to ask a copy from the families said to be possessed of it. Every possible means, it is well known, has been used to smother the truth, perplex the curious, and even to abolish the very remembrance that such an one ever existed, but from what reason cannot be ascertained, except that it is foretold that the heir of O— is to meet with some ignominious death, at his own gate, with other family events, which, though no person or time is directly pointed out, may perhaps occasion this secrecy.

It must also be observed, that the cross on De-la-mere Forest, (that is, three steps and the socket in which the cross formerly stood,) are now sunk within a few inches of the ground, though many living remember to have seen it

nearly six feet above, the cross itself having been destroyed long since. It is also remarkable, that Headless-cross is spoken of by Merlin de Rymer, and several other English and Scotch prophets, as the last place in England on which a decisive action will happen; but as to the period, when these things will come to pass, is very uncertain, no specific time having ever been mentioned.

One day as Nixon was returning from ploughing, he laid down the agricultural implements which he had in his hands, and, after remaining a little while without speaking, exclaimed, with a coarse voice, "Now I will prophecy:"—and proceeded as follows:—

"When a raven shall build in a stone-lion's mouth, on the top of a church in Cheshire, then a king of England shall be driven out of his kingdom, and never more return."

"When an eagle shall sit on the top of an house, then an heir shall be born to the Cholmondeley's family; and this heir shall live to see England invaded by foreigners, who shall

proceed so far as a town in Cheshire ; but a Miller, named Peter, shall be born with two heels on one foot, and at that time living in a mill of Cholmondeley's, he shall be instrumental in delivering the nation. The person who governs the nation will be in trouble, and sculk about ; the invading king shall be killed, laid across a horse's back like a calf, and led in triumph. The miller having been instrumental in it, shall bring forth the person that then governs the kingdom, and be knighted for what he has done, and after that England shall see happy days. A young new set of men, of virtuous manners, shall come, who shall prosper and make a flourishing church for two hundred years."

" As a token of the trnht of all this, a wall of Mr. Cholmondeley's shall fall ; if it falls downwards, the church shall be oppressed, and rise no more ; but if upwards, next the rising hill on the side of it, then it shall flourish again. Under this wall shall be found the bones of a British king."

" A pond shall run with blood three days, and the cross stone pillar in the forest sink so low

into the ground, that a crow from the top of it shall drink of the best blood in England."

"A boy shall be born with three thumbs, and shall hold three kings' horses, while England shall three times be won and lost in one day."

The original may be seen in several families in that county, and in the hand of Mr. Egerton, of Olton, are many other remarkable predictions: as, that "Pecforton-windmill should be moved to Luditon-hill; that there should be so great a slaughter of men, that horses saddled should run about till their girths rotted away."

I know your prophets are generally for raw-head and bloody-bones, and therefore do not mind it; or I might add, that Olton-mill shall be driven with blood instead of water. But these soothsayers are great butchers, and every hall is with them a slaughter-house.

Now as for authorities to prove this prophecy to be genuine, and how it has been hitherto accomplished, we might refer to the whole county of Cheshire, where it is in every one's mouth,

and has been so for upwards of forty years. The greater part of the MS. from which this account is drawn, was communicated by a person of sense and veracity.

The family of the Cholmondeleys is very ancient in this country, and takes its name from a place so called near Nantwich; there are also Cholmton, and Cholmondestone; but the seat of that branch of the family, which kept our prophet Nixon, is at Vale-royal, on the river Weever, in De-la-mere Forest. It was formerly an abbey, founded by Edward I., and came to the Cholmondeleys from the family of Holcrefts. When Nixon prophesied, this family was likely to become extinct, the heir having married Sir Walter St. John's daughter, a lady not very young, consequently all issue from that line was considered at an end. This lady, nevertheless, proved to be pregnant, and had a very protracted labour.*

A raven is also known to have built in a stone lion's mouth, in the church of Over, in the forest

* During which time, it is said, an eagle sat upon the house top, and flew away when she was delivered, which proved to be of a son.

of De-la-mere. Not long before the abdication of King James, the wall spoken of tumbled down, and fell towards the rising hill on the side of it; and, in removing the rubbish, the bones of a man of more than ordinary size were found. A pond at the same time ran with water of a reddish colour, and was never known to have done so before or after.

Headless-cross, in the forest, which was several feet high, is now sunk within a foot of the ground.

In the parish of Budworth, a boy was born, about twenty years ago, with three thumbs; the youth is still living there, and the miller Peter lives in Nagginsshire Mill, in expectation of fulfilling his prophecy on the person of Perkin; he hath also two heels on one foot, but I find he does not intend to make use of them, for he is a bold Briton, and a loyal subject to king George, zealous for Protestant succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, has a vote for the knights of the shire, and never fails to give it on the right side; in a word, Peter will prate or box for the good cause to which Nixon has raised

him ; and if he does not do the business, it must be admitted that no man bids fairer for it ; which the Lady Egerton was so apprehensive of, that wishing well to another restoration, she often endeavoured to persuade her husband to turn him out of the mill ; but he looked upon it as mere caprice ; so Peter continues there, in hopes of being as good a knight as Sir Philip, his landlord, was.

Of this Peter I have been told that the Lady Narcliff, of Chelsea, and the Lady St. John, of Battersea, have often been heard to talk, and that they both asserted the truth of this prophecy and its accomplishment, with particulars that are more extraordinary than any I have yet mentioned.

This account, as whimsical and romantic as it is, was told to the Lady Cowper, in the year 1670, by Dr. Patric, late Bishop of Ely, then chaplain to Sir Walter St. John ; and that lady had the following particulars relative to this prophecy, and the fulfilling of many parts of it from Mrs. Chute, sister of Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Vale-royal, who affirmed—That a multitude of people gathering together to see the eagle before-mentioned, the bird was frightened from her

young; that she herself was one of them, and the cry among the people was, "Nixon's prophecy is fulfilled, and we shall have a foreign king." She declared, that she had read over all the prophecy many times, when her sister was with child of the heir who now enjoys the estate. She particularly remembered that James II. was particularly pointed at, and that it was foretold that he should endeavour to subvert the laws and religion of this kingdom, for which reason they would rise and turn him out; that the eagle of which Nixon prophesied, perched in one of the windows all the time her sister was in labour. She said it was the biggest bird she ever saw; that it was in a deep snow, and that it perched on the edge of a great bow-window, which had a large border on the outside, and that she and many others opened the window to try to frighten it away, but it would not stir till Mrs. Cholmondeley was delivered, after which it took a flight to a great tree, opposite the room her sister lay in, where, having stayed about three days, it flew away in the night.

She affirmed further to the Lady Cowper, that the falling of the garden-wall was a thing not to be questioned, it being in so many people's me-

metry. That it was foretold that the heir of Vale-royal should live to see England invaded by foreigners, and that he would fight bravely for his king and country: That the miller mentioned is now alive, and expects to be knighted, and is in the very mill foretold: That he should kill two invaders, who shall come in, the one from the West, and the other from the North: that he from the North, should bring with him of all nations, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and Dutch, and that in the folds of his garments he should bring fire and famine, plague and murder: that many great battles should be fought in England, one upon London-bridge, which should be so bloody, that people will ride in London streets up to their horse's bellies in blood; that several other battles should be fought up and down most parts of Cheshire; and the last that ever would be fought in England should be on De-la-mere Forest; that the heir of Olton, whose name is E——n, and has married Earl Cholmondeley's sister, should be hanged up at his own gate.

Lastly, he foretells great glory and prosperity to those who stand up in defence of their laws

and liberties, and ruin and misery to those who should betray them. He says, the year before this would happen, bread-corn would be very dear, and that the year following more trouble should begin, which would last three years; that the first would be moderate, the second bloody, and the third intolerable; that unless they were shortened no mortal could bear them; and that there were no mischiefs but what poor England would feel at that time. But George, the son of George, should put an end to all. That afterwards the church should flourish, and England be the most glorious nation upon earth.

The same Lady Cowper was not content to take these particulars from Mrs. Chute, but she enquired of Sir Thomas Aston of the truth of this prophecy; and he attested it was in great reputation in Cheshire, and that the facts were known to have happened as Nixon said they would; adding, that the morning before the garden-wall fell, his neighbour, Mr. Cholmondeley, going on a hunting excursion, said, as he passed by it, "Nixon seldom fails, but now I think he will, for he foretold this day my garden-wall would fall, and I think it looks as if it

would stand these forty years: that he had not been gone a quarter of an hour before the wall split, and fell upwards against the rising of the hill, which, as Nixon would have it, was the presage of a flourishing church.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

THIS prodigy was born at Elmton, in Derbyshire, in the year 1704: at which place his father was school-master; notwithstanding this Jedediah's education was so much neglected, that he was never taught to write; and, with respect to any other knowledge but that of numbers, seemed almost as ignorant as a boy of ten years of age. How he became acquainted with the relative proportions of numbers, and their progressive denominations, he did not remember; but to this he applied the whole force of his mind, and upon this his attention was constantly fixed, so that he frequently took no cognizance of external objects, and when he did, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time was mentioned, he would soon after say it was so many minutes; and if any distance of space he would assign the number of hair-breadths, without any question being asked, or any calculation expected by the company. When he once



JED: BUXTON.



understood a question, he began to work with amazing facility, after his own method, without the use of pen, pencil, or chalk, or even understanding the common rules of arithmetic, as taught in the schools. He would stride over a piece of land or a field, and tell you the contents of it almost as exact as if you had measured it by the chain. In this manner he measured the whole lordship of Elmton, of some thousand acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents, not only in acres, rods, and perches, but even in square inches. After this, for his own amusement, he reduced them into square hair-breadths, computing forty-eight to each side of the inch. His memory was so great, that, while resolving a question, he could leave off, and resume the operation again, where he left off, at the end of a week, a month, or several months, and proceed regularly till it was completed. His mind would doubtless have been equally retentive with respect to other objects, if he had attended to them with equal diligence; but his perpetual application to figures prevented the smallest acquisition of any other knowledge. He was sometimes asked, on his return from church, whether he remembered the text, or any

part of the sermon ; but it never appeared that he brought away one sentence, his mind having been busied, even during divine service, in his favorite operation, either dividing some time, or some space, into the smallest known parts, or resolving some question that had been given him as a test of his abilities.

The life of this extraordinary person, from his adverse circumstances, was uniform and obscure. Time, with respect to him, changed nothing but his age ; nor did the seasons vary his employment, except that in winter he used a flail, and in summer a ling-hook. In the year 1754, he came to London, where he was introduced to the Royal Society, who, in order to prove his abilities, asked him several questions in arithmetic, and he gave them such satisfaction, that they dismissed him, with a handsome gratuity. In this visit to the metropolis, the only object of his curiosity, except figures, was his desire to see the king and royal family ; but they being just removed to Kensington, Jedediah was disappointed. During his residence in London, he was taken to Drury-lane theatre, to see King Richard III. and it was expected, that the

novelty and splendour of the show would have fixed him in astonishment, or kept his imagination in a continual hurry, and that his passions would, in some degree, have been touched by the power of action, if he had not perfectly understood the dialogue. But Jedediah's mind was employed in the theatre, just as it was in every other place. During the dance, he fixed his attention upon the number of steps; he declared, after a fine piece of music, that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments had perplexed him beyond measure; and he attended even to Mr. Garrick, only to count the words that he uttered, in which he said he perfectly succeeded. Jedediah returned to the place of his birth, where, if his enjoyments were few, his wishes did not seem to be more. He applied to his labour, by which he subsisted, with cheerfulness; he regretted nothing that he had left behind him in London; and to him, a slice of rusty bacon afforded the most delicious repast.

At the time when the accompanying drawing was made, he was, by his own calculation, 56 years, 10 months, 1 week, 2 days, 9 hours, 53

minutes, and 43 seconds old ; which he reduced as follows, first into days, then into hours, then into minutes, and, lastly, into seconds ; thus— 20,729 days, 9 hours, 53 minutes, 43 seconds ; equal to 497,505 hours, 53 minutes, 43 seconds ; equal to 29,850,353 minutes, 43 seconds ; equal to 1,791,621,223 seconds.





FOSTER POWELL.

FOSTER POWELL,

THE PEDESTRIAN.

Foster Powell was born in the year 1734, at Horseferth, near Leeds, Yorkshire. He was long considered the father of the school of English Pedestrians; but by profession was a lawyer, and articled, at a very early age, to an attorney in the Temple.

The first exploit which is recorded of him, took place in the year 1764, where he engaged to go fifty miles on the Bath-road, in seven hours, which he accomplished; going the first ten miles in one hour.

In Paris and Switzerland, also, he gained great celebrity as a pedestrian.

In the year 1773, he walked for a wager from London to York, and back again, in five days and eighteen hours, a distance of 402 miles.

In November, 1778, he attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, for a wager; he started from Lee-bridge, and lost it by only half a minute.

In 1786, he undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath-road in twenty-four hours, fifty miles out and fifty miles in: he completed this journey three quarters of an hour before the time agreed upon.

In 1787, he undertook to walk, from Canterbury to London-bridge and back again, in twenty-four hours, the distance being twelve miles more than his former journey; and, to the astonishment of a thousand anxious spectators, who were waiting, he accomplished it.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go from London to York, and back again in six days, which he executed in five days and twenty hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till the year 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York and back again; he was allowed six days to do it, and accomplished it in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1792, he was determined to repeat his journey to York and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world that he could do it in a shorter time than ever he had, though now at the age of 58 years. Accordingly he set out from Shoreditch-church to York-minster, and back again in five days fifteen hours and one quarter. On his return he was saluted by the spectators with loud huzzas.

In the same year he walked, for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in fifty-five minutes and a half, on the Clapham-road. A little after he went down to Brighton, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes; he walked the one mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in five minutes and twenty-three seconds, by which he was seventeen seconds less than the time allowed him.

Before this, he undertook a journey to Canterbury, and unfortunately mistaking the road from Blackheath to London, he lost his wager; yet he gained more money by this accident than all the journeys he accomplished; for his friends,

feeling for the great disappointment he experienced, made a subscription, and collected for him a considerable sum, of which they made him a present.

Powell seems to have prided himself considerably on his wonderful agility. He despised wealth, and, notwithstanding his many opportunities of acquiring money, forty pounds was the largest sum he ever made, which was at the time of the above-mentioned subscription. He was always content with a little for himself, and happy in being able to win much for others.

In person he was tall and thin, about five feet nine inches high—very strong downwards, well calculated for walking, and rather of a sallow complexion; in disposition he was mild and gentle, and possessed many valuable qualifications.

In diet he was somewhat particular, and on his journeys made use of brandy, but the delay he met with at the inns, for he had particular hours for taking refreshment, often chagrined him. No wonder if, on this account, he had

frequently lost his wagers ; he allowed himself but five hours rest, which took place from eleven o'clock at night.

In the beginning of April, 1793, he was suddenly taken ill, and died on the 15th, about four o'clock in the morning, at his apartments in New-inn, in rather indigent circumstances ; for, notwithstanding his wonderful feats, and the means he had of attaining wealth, poverty followed him to his grave. Medical men attributed the cause of his sudden dissolution to over exertion in his last journey to York—for, being determined to complete it in less time than ever, it is supposed he considerably exceeded his strength.

In the afternoon of the 22d, his remains were carried for interment, according to his dying request, to the burying-ground of St. Faith, being St. Paul's Church-yard. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New-inn, through Fleet-street, and up Ludgate-hill. The followers were twenty on foot, in black gowns, and after them came three mourning coaches. The attendants were all men of respectability. The ceremony was conducted with much de-

cency, and a very great concourse of people attended.

We cannot do otherwise than regard Powell as the father of the numerous race of Pedestrians that have sprung up since his time, the most distinguished of whom it may not be uninteresting to enumerate. The first we shall mention, is Captain Barclay, who excelled the present subject of our memoir, in the magnitude of his undertakings; the match of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours was certainly an effort far greater than any of Powell's; notwithstanding which he had the advantage of the rules and regulations of Powel to direct him, with regard to the proper mode of living, rest, &c.

Captain Manton started as a Pedestrian ; but we believe he only made one effort with Captain Barclay, in which he was unsuccessful.

Mr. Colbourn, of the guards, tried his skill in a running match, at Lord's Cricket Ground, which he lost.

In 1807, Wood, from Lancashire, appeared, who, at first, seemed as if he would eclipse the

whole of his predecessors ; at length a match was made between him and Captain Barclay, to walk over the greatest length of ground in the course of twenty hours, for 200 guineas ; Barclay to have twenty miles given him : in this effort Wood was beaten, he having resigned after walking forty miles in six hours.

A farmer attempted the celebrated effort of Captain Barclay, to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, but failed.

Numerous have been the attempts at Pedestrian fame, within the last few years ; but none, with the exception of Captain Barclay, ever rivalled Powell.

THOMAS PARR.

THOMAS PARR was one of the oldest men of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, John Taylor, the Water Poet, wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man ; or, The Age, and Long Life of Thomas Parr, The Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Salop ; who was born in the reign of King Edward the IVth. and is now living in the Strand, being 152 Yeares and odd Monthes. His manner of Life and Conversation is so long a Pilgrimage ; his Marriages, and his bringing up to London, about the end of September last, 1635."

The following is extracted from Taylor's Life of Parr.

" The Right Honorable Thomas, Earl of Arundell and Surrey, Earl-marshall of England,



Thomas Parr.



cc. being lately in Shropshire, to visit some lands and manors which his lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance; the report of this aged man was certified to his honor; who, hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see, and in his innate, noble, and christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter, and two horses, (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucye) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her own riding with him; and (to cheer up the old man, and make him merry) there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Fool, with a high and mighty long beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easy journies, the charges being allowed by his lordship; and, likewise one of his honor's own servants, named Brian Kelley, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expences; all which was done accordingly as followeth:—

“ Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alberbury, neere a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury; from whence he was carried to Wim, a town of the Earle's aforesaid; and the next day to Shefnall, (a manour house of his lordship's) where they staid one night; from Shefnall they came to Woilverhampton, and the next day to Brimingham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelley had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was almost oppressed: for they came in such multitudes to see the Olde Man, that those who defended him were almost tyred and spent, and the aged men in danger to have been stifeled; and, in a word, the rabble was so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt hee should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to harken to, or gaze after novelties.)

“ The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daventry, to Stoney Stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship.”

Taylor's verses afterwards say, that " John Parr, (a man who lived by husbandry)

" Begot this Thomas Parr, and borne was hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty-three.
And as his father's living and his trade,
Was plough and eart, scithe, bill and spade ;
The harrow, mattock, flayle, fork, and goad.
And whip and how to load, and to unload !
Olde Tom hath shew'd himself the son of John,
And from his father's functions has not gone."

And farther, that

" Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appeares,
Nine monthes, one hundred fifty and two yeares.
For by records, and true certificate,
From Shropahiere late, relations doth relate,
That hee lived seventeen yeares with John his father,
And eighteen with his master, which I gather
To be full thirty-five ; his Sire's decease
Left him fourre yeares possession of a lease ;
Which past, Lewis Porter, gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen ;
That lease expir'd, the son of Lewis, called John,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
Then Hugh, the son of John, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.

And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
A lease for's life these fifty years out-run ;
And 'till Olde Thomas Parr, to earth againe
Returne, the last lease must his own remaine."

Taylor relates the following anecdote of Old Parr's craft in endeavouring to deceive his landlord.

" His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, hee tooke his last lease of his landlord, (one Master John Porter) for his life, with which lease he hath lived more than fifty yeares ; but this Olde Man would, for his wife's sake, renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto ; wherefore Old Parr, (having beeene long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife looked out of the window, and perceived Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband ; saying, husband, our young landlord is coming hither. Is he so ? said Old Parr, I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe, which she did, and when Master Porter, (yet forty yeares old) was

coming in the house, after salutations between them, the Old man said, Wife, is not that a pin which lyes at my foot? truly husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeed, so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the Olde Man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

Of his wives, Taylor further observes:—

“ A tedious time a Batchelour hee tarried.
Full eightie years of age before hee married;
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailties' weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in foorscore years might find,
In Salop's Countie, females fair and kind:
But what have I to doe with that; let passe,
At the age aforesaid hee first married was
To Jane, John Taylor's daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before hee had her) was a mayd.
With her hee liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay,
Then once more vnt'red in the wedlock way;

And in affection to his first wife Jane,
 Hee tooke another of that name againe :
 (With whom hee now doth live) she was a widow
 To one nam'd Anthony (and surnam'd Addy)
 She was (as by report it doth appear)
 Of Gillsel's parish in Montgomeryshiere,
 The daughter of John Lloyde, (corruptly Flood)
 Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian blood."

Parr's issue is thus recorded by the same author ;—"Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son and daughter; the boyes name was John, and lived but ten weekes, the girle was named Joan, and she lived three weekes."

A story of an illicit amour Old Thomas was punished for, is thus versified by Taylor.

" _____ In' first wives time
 Hee frayly foully, Sh into a crime,
 Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
 Have faine into, _____
 For from the Emp'rour to the russet clown,
 All states, each sex, from cottage to the Crowne,
 Have in all ages since the first creation,
 Bin foyld, and overthrown with love's temptation :
 So was old Thomas for he chanc'd to spy
 A beauty, and love entered at his eye ;
 Whose powerful motion sweet drew on consent,

Consent drew action, action drew consent.
But when the period of those joys were past,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.
Faire Katherin Milton was this beauty bright,
(Faire like an angell, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far,
The ardent fervour of Old Thomas Parr,
That for lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet ;
Which aged He, (one hundred and five yeare,)
In Alberbury's Parish Church did weare.
Should all that so offend such pennance doc,
Oh, what a price would linnen rise unto :
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts and smocks,
Our table linen, very porters' frocks
Woul hardly 'scape transforming."

Mr. Granger, in his Biographical History of England, says, that

" At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, whom he got with child ; and was, after that era of his life, employed in threshing, and other husbandry. When he was about an hundred and fifty-two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court.

The king [Charles I.] said to him, " You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, " I did penance when I was an hundred years old."

Taylor thus describes him in the last stage of life.

" ————— His limbs their strength have left;
His teeth all gone (but one), his sight bereft,
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, Imperfections manifold :
Yet still his sp'rits possess his mortall trunk,
Nor are his sensee in his ruines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quicke, his stomacke good.
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry ;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry ;
Loves company, and understanding talke,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And, though old age his face with wrinckles fill,
Hee hath been handsome, and is comely still ;
Well fac'd ; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neate it growes, not like a beard neglected.
From head to heele, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

Taylor concludes his account of this venerable old man, by saying, "it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people near there [Alberbury] three times over."

Granger says he died November, 1653.

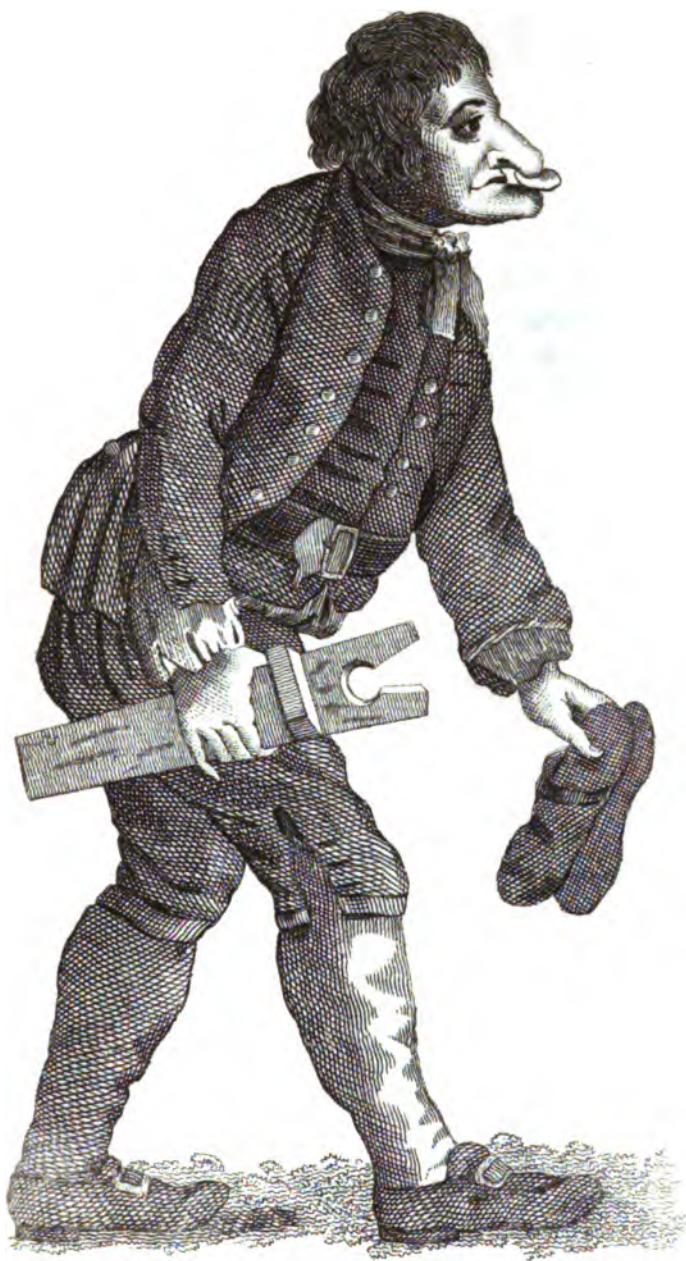


OLD BOOTS,

OF RIPON IN YORKSHIRE.

THE name of this singular character is not known. Among the vast variety of human countenances, none perhaps ever excited more public curiosity than that of Old Boots ; he was formed by nature, with a nose and chin, so tenderly endearing, that they used to embrace each other ; so much so, that he could hold a piece of money between them.

The appellation of Old Boots was given him on account of his being employed at an inn at Rippon, to clean boots. He always went into the rooms, with a boot-jack and a pair of slippers, as represented in the annexed plate, which was taken when he was sixty-two years of age. The urbanity of his manners always pleased the company, who frequently gave him



OLD BOOTS.



money, on condition that he would hold it between his nose and chin, which request he always complied with, and bore off the treasure with great satisfaction. He remained at the above inn till his death.

BUCKHORSE,

DENOMINATED SO FROM HIS EXTREME UGLINESS.

THIS prodigy of nature, whose real name is said to have been John Smith, first saw the light in the house of a *sinner*, in that part of London, known by the name of Lewkener's-lane,—a place notorious in the extreme, for the eccentricity of characters it contained : *here* the disciples of Bamfylde Moore Carew, were to be found in crowds ; and *here* *cadgers* of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves, upon the *good things of this life*, laughing at the credulity of the public, in being so easily duped by their impositions ; groups of the frail sisterhood surrounded its purlieus, whose *nudicity* of appearance, and *glib-bosity* of mother tongue, formed a prominent feature in this *conglomeration* of the vicious and depraved, by their coarse amours, and bare-faced pilfering ; the juvenile *prig* was soon taught to become an adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief, or a snuff-box from the pocket of



BUCKHORSE.

a coat covered with *bells*, without ringing any of them ; and the finished thief *rooted* here from the prying eye of society, and laid plans for his future depredations in the arms of his unsophisticated charmer. Those timber-merchants who reduced their logs of wood to *matches* for the public good, might be observed issuing out in numbers from this receivable of *brimstones* ! Costermongers, in droves, were seen mounting their *neddies*, decorated with hampers, *scorning* the refined use of saddles and bridles ; and *Lewkener's Lane* was, amongst all its other attractions, celebrated in being the residence of a finisher of the law, (*Tom Dennis*), *slangly* denominated *JACK KETCH* ; but acquired considerable notoriety by giving birth to the *ugliness* of a BUCKHORSE, and beauty to *Miss* ——, a female possessing those irresistible charms, that levelled all distinctions of rank before its superior power, and transplanting her from the rude and dirty company of the dust-hill to the downy couch of royalty.

It appears then, that few places could boast of more originality, than *that* from which BUCKHORSE sprang ; and from the variety of talents

here displayed, it is not surprising that he soon became an adept in all those pursuits for which he was so particularly distinguished. We cannot determine, to what *good-natured* personage he owed his origin, but suffice it to say, that little BUCKHORSE and his mother were turned out upon the wide world long before he knew its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord ; which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1720.

This *freak* of Nature, it should seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which, was an extraordinary volubility of speech ; and from his early acquaintance with the streets, and the advantages of the above residence, he picked up the rest of his qualifications.

BUCKHORSE's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without some *harmony* ; and although his fist might not appear *musical* to his antagonist by its potent *touch*, yet when applied to his own chin, was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, and by which pe-

culiar trait he mostly subsisted, added to selling little switches, for a halfpenny each; his *cry* of them was so singular, that SHUTER, the celebrated comedian, among his other imitations, was peculiarly successful in those of BUCKHORSE, which were repeatedly called for a second time.

As a pugilist, BUCKHORSE ranked high for courage and strength, and displayed great muscular powers, in all the battles in which he was engaged; and, like a number of the sporting *gemmen*, was distinguished for his numerous amours with the gay nymphs of the town, *more* by the *potency* of his arm, than the *persuasive* powers of his rhetoric, notwithstanding his rapid improvements of the tongue. He is represented as a most impetuous character, and his principal features were—**LOVE** and **BOXING**.

An anecdote has been mentioned of BUCKHORSE, but we cannot vouch for its authenticity, that he was the person whom the Duke of Queensbury selected to ride for him, when the duke won his celebrated wager against time.

JACK COTTINGTON,

alias

MULL'D SACK.

THIS notorious character was born in, or about, the year 1604, in Cheapside, London; where his father, who was much addicted to inebriety, kept a small haberdasher's shop. His propensity for drinking so ruined his affairs, that he became dependant on the relief of the parish, where his son, the subject of the present narrative, was brought up, and placed, at the age of fourteen, as an apprentice to a chimney-sweeper. After five years' servitude, he left his master and set up for himself, when he became notorious for drinking mull'd sack and sugar.* His orgies about

* Rhenish wine was at this period, called *Sack*, not from its sweetness, or sacharine flavour, but from the *sacks*, or *borrachises*, in which it was generally contained. Apothecaries sold it in their shop's, and it was most frequently drank in a warm, or mull'd state, sweetened with sugar.



MULL'D SACK.



Fleet-street and Temple-bar, often disturbed the watch, and he was as often found incarcerated in durance vile for his excesses. Regaling himself one night at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street,* a match was made up between him, and one whom he took to be of the fair sex, with whom he shortly after contracted marriage at the Fleet;† he soon after, however, found out his

* This tavern stood between the Temple-gate and Temple-bar, and was formerly the scene of much mirth and revelry; it was here where the facetious Ben Jonson held his Apollo club, and where the celebrated Lord Rochester frequently made one of the party. It had for its sign St. Dunstan taking the Devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. The ground on which it stood was purchased by Messrs. Childs, bankers, and the present erections were, after them, named *Child's-place*.

† On the east side of Fleet-market, beyond the prison, was formerly hung up the sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with "Marriages performed within," written beneath. A dirty fellow, accosted most passengers, with, "Sir will you please to walk in and be married," and the parson, a squalid profligate figure, was seen walking before his shop, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, ready to couple any who might be disposed to enter into the holy state of wedlock, and, independent of his fee, expected a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco, Lord

mistake, as his good wife proved to be an hermaphrodite, well known by the name of Anniseed Robin, as termagent a devile as ever cursed the holy state of matrimony. Thus disappointed in his expectations, Mull'd Sack became a professed debauchee, followed the most evil courses, extorted money from travellers on the road, and squandered his booty upon the five notorious *women-barbers** in Drury-lane.

His profligacy seems in no way to have hindered his being concerned in an amour with a

Chancellor Hardwicke, put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace proceeding from such unlawful unions.

* These celebrated female shavers were often the exemplary objects of the criminal law; vindictive and cruel in their manners, they were frequently the abettors of many disgusting and atrocious proceedings. A female suspected to be the favorite of the principal abaver's husband, once fell into their hands. They stripped and shaved her all over, and afterwards soused her in suds and water, till she was almost smothered; the law, however, took cognizance of so atrocious an act, but ere it could bring its subjects to condign punishment, three of the five made their escape to Barbadoes; the other two expiated their crime in some measure by standing in the pillory.

rich citizen's wife in Mark-lane ; this was, on the whole, what suited Mull'd Sack extremely well, for he is said to have dressed genteelly, and to have carried himself with good deportment towards the ladies in conversation. From this lady he did not get more than 120*l.* before she died of a then fashionable disorder, and left a family of twelve children behind her. Female manners were then very different to what they are at present, as appears by the following circumstance, related on the death-bed of this lady :—" At the parting hour, when death, with hasty strides, approached her, she desired the presence of her husband and her children, protested deep contrition for her former transactions, and made a confession to the following effect.—This eldest boy is truly yours, no other man having to do with me until after his birth, but this next to him is not so much yours as I think it is —(naming a knight's son;) the next she nominated to belong to a merchant in Pudding-lane; the next was a nobleman's son ; a doctor was the father of her first girl ; and so on proceeded to name their filiation, till she came to the youngest, when she mentioned Mull'd Sack, the chimney-sweeper, to be his father." This confession,

though it might ease her conscience at that time, made a considerable impression upon the mind of her husband, for it appears he did not long survive her death. Mull'd Sack having thus lost his benefactress, turned pick-pocket with considerable success, and in a short time became a *top-man* in the profession. Dressed in black, with a *roquelaure* of the same colour, he visited the churches and puritan meeting-houses in different parts of the town, from the congregations of which he obtained watches and money to a considerable amount.

One day Mull'd Sack observed the lady of Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the parliament forces, go to Dr. Jacomb's Lecture, at Ludgate (now called St. Martin's,) he followed her in, and, in the most devout manner during the Lecturer's long-prayers, purloined her gold watch set with diamonds, and the gold chain to which it was appended. In a few weeks afterwards, dressed as a cavalier of the army, with rich accoutrements, he robbed her ladyship again. To accomplish this, he watched her carriage, and contrived to get the lynch-pin of the wheel out, as it came near Ludgate: this caused the carriage to fall,

and alarm her ladyship, who, at the intimation of **Mull'd Sack**, consented to be led by him into the church, by this stratagem, he deprived her of another gold watch and seals, between the church-door and her seat, and decamped off with the greatest ease, leaving her to measure the length of the parson's sermon without her time-piece.

The notoriety of **Mull'd Sack**'s character became now a common topic of conversation.—He placed himself at the head of a notorious gang of the most depraved and lawless ruffians, who unanimously chose him for their captain. In this dignified station he assumed some little consequence;—organized their proceedings, and was the principal projector of all their schemes of villainy: and with so much success did he carry on his depredations, that he scarcely knew the extent of his wealth. He moreover had the audacity publicly to exhibit, in different ale-houses, his expertness in the art of pick pocketing, and actually had a number of pupils under his tuition, who handsomely paid him for his instructions! His impudence had not yet arrived at its height; and his extravagance was unbounded: his connexions with profligate

women, constituted the means of squandering away his ill got wealth, as well as a great part of his time; in short, according to Mr. Granger's account, he and his companions got enough by picking of pockets in the city to have rebuilt the cathedral of St. Paul's! From Charing-cross to the Royal Exchange, were limits too proscribed for his depredations, he consequently visited White-hall, the Parliament-house, and the courts of Law at Westminster, till, at length, detected in picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, as he came from the Parliament-house, he was tried, and stood a narrow chance of being hanged; for the robbery of his person, roused the anger of the Protector; happily for Mull'd Sack, there was no act of Legislature, to fix an exemplary punishment on the offender, and he escaped, though with such rough treatment, that put him so out of conceit of his former course that he took to the dangerous pursuit of robbing on the highway.

Accompanied by one Tom Cherry, an associate, he robbed Colonel Hewson of his purse on Hounslow-heath, Cherry was afterwards taken and hanged, but Mull'd Sack had the good

fortune to secret himself, and thereby saved his neck.

His next companion was one Horne, a pew-terer, who had been a colonel in Down's regiment of foot; with this man he robbed Oliver Cromwell, as he was passing alone over Hounslow-heath, they were, however, quickly pursued; Horne was taken and hanged the same afternoon, but Mull'd Sack had the good fortune to escape a second time, of which he frequently made his boast among his *dulcinas* of Drury-lane and its purlieus.

The surprising extent to which he carried on his depredations is incredible, and were not the facts well attested we should be disposed to doubt the veracity of many circumstances which are attributed to him. Resolute and determined in all his actions he ventured, aided by twelve others, to attack a government waggon, laden with money to pay the army, and dispersed twenty horse-troopers that guarded it. Their plunder was great, and was soon distributed amongst the fair damsels above mentioned. Spies were appointed in different parts of London, for the

purpose of obtaining the earliest information of all property that was within the compass of Mull'd Sack's ability. The contents of a Jeweller's shop, while on its removal from Reading to London, were captured by him, and for a length of time he wore the most valuable articles about his person. Shortly after this he robbed the Receiver's office at Reading of 600*l.* sterling, which he conveyed off on horseback, and lodged it, without detection, at his residence; the magnitude of this depredation, and his notorious character, caused him to be taken on suspicion, and tried at the Abingdon Assizes, where he so managed the affair, that, notwithstanding Judge Jermin exerted all his power to hang him, the jury gave him his acquittal.

The circumstance which tended to terminate the career of Mull'd Sack's depredations, arose from an intrigue between him and the wife of one John Bridges, a royalist. This man, it appears, narrowly watched his wife, and prevented the frequent intercourse which would otherwise have taken place between her and Mull'd Sack. The latter, however, soon found means to quarrel with her husband, caused a fray in the

house, and murdered him, for the sake of having a more easy access to her. This murder, and the circumstances respecting it, at length became noised abroad, and fearful of again being apprehended, he fled beyond sea, and at Cologne robbed King Charles II., then in his exile, of as much plate as, *at that time*, amounted to 1,500*l.*; with this booty he returned to London, and to atone, in some measure, for his past offences, he promised Cromwell the disclosure of some secret papers of that prince's correspondence, of which he boasted the possession; unable, however, to perform what he himself had proposed, and the circumstances connected with the plate robbery becoming known, he was sent to Newgate to stand his trial at the Old Bailey, where he was found guilty, and received sentence of death. He was executed in Smithfield-rounds, April 1659, at the age of 55 years.

SIMON FORMAN,

THE ASTROLOGER.

Transcribed, verbatim, from the Life of Lilly.

“ **SIMON FORMAN** was a chandler’s son in the city of Westminster. He travelled into Holland for a month in 1580, purposely to be instructed in Astrology, and other more occult sciences ; as also in physic, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas. Being sufficiently furnished and instructed with what he desired, he returned into England towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and flourished until that year of King James, wherein the Countess of Essex, the Earl of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Overbury’s matters were questioned. He lived at Lambeth, with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that, in horary questions (especially thefts,) was very judicious and fortunate ; so also in sicknesses,

which, indeed, was his master-piece. In resolving questions about marriage, he had good success; in other questions very moderate. He was a person of indefatigable pains. I have seen sometimes half one sheet of paper wrote of his judgment upon one question; in writing whereof he used to come much tautology, as you may see yourself, (most excellent Esquire) if you read a great book of Dr. Flood's, which you have, who had all that book from the manuscripts of Forman; for I have seen the same word for word in an English manuscript formerly belonging to Doctor Willoughby of Gloucestershire. Had Forman lived to have methodized his own papers, I doubt not but he would have advanced the Jatro-mathematical part thereof very completely; for he was very observant, and kept notes of the success of his judgment.

“ Being in bed one morning, (says he) I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a Lord, Earl, or Knight, &c. whereupon I set a figure: and thereupon my judgment: by which he concluded, that within two years’ time he should be a lord or great man: But, says he, before the two years were expired, the doctors

put me in Newgate, and nothing came. Not long after, he was desirous to know the same things concerning his honor or greatness. Another figure was set, and that promised him to be a great lord within one year. But he sets down that in that year he had no preferment at all; only I became acquainted with a merchant's wife, by whom I got well. There is another figure concerning one Sir — Ayre, his going to Turkey, whether it would be a good voyage or not: the Doctor repeats all his astrological reasons, and musters them together, and then gave his judgment it would be a fortunate voyage. But under this figure he concludes, this proved not so, for he was taken prisoner by pirates, ere he arrived in Turkey, and lost all. He set several questions to know if he should attain the philosopher's stone; and the figures, according to his straining, did seem to signify as much; and then he tugs upon the aspects and configurations, and elected a fit time to begin his operations; but by-and-by, in conclusion, he adds, so the work went very forward; but shortly after the setting-glass broke, and I lost all my pains: he sets down five or six such judgments, but still complains all came to nothing, upon the malignant

aspects of Jupiter. Although some of his astrological judgments did fail, more particularly those concerning himself, he being no way capable of such preferment as he ambitiously desired ; yet I shall repeat some other of his judgments, which did not fail, being performed by conference with spirits. My mistress went once unto him, to know when her husband, then in Cumberland, would return, he having promised to be at home near the time of the question ; after some consideration, he told her to this effect : Margery, for so her name was, thy husband will not be at home these eighteen days ; he has left his kindred, and come away from them in much anger ; he is now in Carlisle, and hath but three-pence in his purse. And when he came home he confessed all to be true ; and that upon leaving his kindred, he had but three-pence in his purse.

“ Another singular instance of him is, that one Coleman, clerk to Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Leicestershire, having had some liberal favors, both from his lady and her daughters, bragged of it, &c. The knight brought him into the Star-chamber, and his servant sentenced to be

pilloried, whipped, and afterwards, during life, to be imprisoned. The sentence was executed in London, and was to be in Leicestershire : two keepers were to convey Coleman from the Fleet to Leicester. My mistress taking consideration of Coleman, and the miseries he was to suffer, went presently to Forman, acquainted him therewith ; who, after consideration, swore Coleman had laid both with mother and daughters ; but I assure thee, Margery, he shall never come there ; yet they set forward to-morrow, says he ; and so his two keepers did, Coleman's legs being locked with an iron chain under the horse's belly. In this nature they travelled the first and second day ; on the third day the two keepers, seeing their prisoner's civility, the two preceeding days, did not lock his chain under the horse's belly, as formerly, but locked it only to one side. In this posture they rode some miles beyond Northampton, when, on a sudden one of the keepers had a necessity to untruss ; and so the other and Coleman stood still ; by-and-by the other keeper desired Coleman to hold his horse, for he had occasion also ; Coleman immediately took one of their swords, and ran through two of the horses killing them stark dead ; gets upon the other,

with one of their swords ; ‘ Farewell, gentlemen,’ quoth he, ‘ tell my master I have no mind to be whipped in Leicestershire,’ and so went his way. The two keepers in all haste, went to a gentleman’s house near at hand, complaining of their misfortune, and desired of him to pursue their prisoner, which he, with much civility granted ; but ere the horses could be got ready, the mistress of the house came down, and, inquiring what the matter was, went to the stable, and commanded the horses to be unsaddled, with this sharp speech :—‘ Let the Lady Beaumont, and her daughters live honestly ; none of my horses shall go forth upon this occasion.’

“ I could relate many such stories of his performances ; as also what he wrote in a book left behind him, viz, ‘ This I made the devil write with his own hand, in Lambeth-fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember.’ ”

CAPTAIN JOHN OGLE.

THIS facetious fellow, who was better known in his day by the nick-name of Mad Ogle, was of a good family, and inherited a paternal estate of 200*l.* a year, which he soon squandered away; and had afterwards recourse to the gaming-table, where he had the most flattering success. He was considered a very resolute man, having opportunities of shewing his courage by fighting several duels upon the most trivial occasions, in some of which he so distinguished himself as rendered him very popular at Whitehall, where the court was held before St. James's palace was built. The countenance he met with there, brought him acquainted with some of the first personages in the kingdom; yet he never lost his travelling name of Mad Ogle, which he carried to his grave. His sister, who was kept by a royal duke, helped to support him in all his extravagances, which often brought her into the



JOHN OGLE.



most ridiculous situations ; for Ogle cared not who paid the piper, if he had but his frolic out.

The jest books called Rochester's, contain many of his mad frolics, but as they are not much to be depended upon for their veracity, we detail the following upon better authority. One night after a long run of ill luck, he went very late to his sister's lodgings in Westminster, and knowing the place, he easily got into the room where she and the Duke slept. Finding every part secret and quiet, he deliberately pulled off his small-cloaths and put on his Highness's, leaving his own in the place. A gold-watch and guineas, with some other valuables, including a magnificent star, were his prize, with which he went off undiscovered.

Soon after this, he met the duke, and began to jeer him, with how he must have looked in the morning ; at which his Highness, not wishing the affair to be known, and finding him, as usual, necessitous, gave him forty guineas directly to get rid of his importunity, and to keep the matter secret.

Having interest still at court, where he was

countenanced for his wit and humour, he got into the troop of King James II.'s life-guards, with whom he was so eccentrically humourous, as brought upon him many reproaches. Having lost his red-cloak at play, on a muster of the troop, he made bold to borrow his landlady's red-petticoat; which was soon discovered by some of his comrades, from the appearance of part of the border. The Duke of Monmouth, who commanded the troop, being informed of this circumstance, presently ordered the whole file to "Cloak;" on which Ogle, pulling out his red-petticoat, bawled out, "if I can't cloak with you, I can petticoat it with the best."

He could never afford to keep a horse out of his pay, but when he had occasion to muster, he hired a hackney, from which he borrowed the best horse, and kept the coach standing with one till the muster was over. The king being made acquainted with this circumstance, rallied him on the subject of his stud; and the next muster, he joined his majesty in Hyde-park, and shewed him the one-horse coach, at which the king smiled and rode off; such was the familiarity of king and subject in the merry days of Charles II.

Ogle at last got so complete an adept in gambling, that the knowing ones would not engage with him; thus being disappointed in every thing, he gave way to dram-drinking, which hastened his death in the thirty-ninth year of his age, A. D. 1685.

The original painting, from whence this portrait is taken, is in an unfinished state in Waterman's-hall.

JOSEPH CLARK,

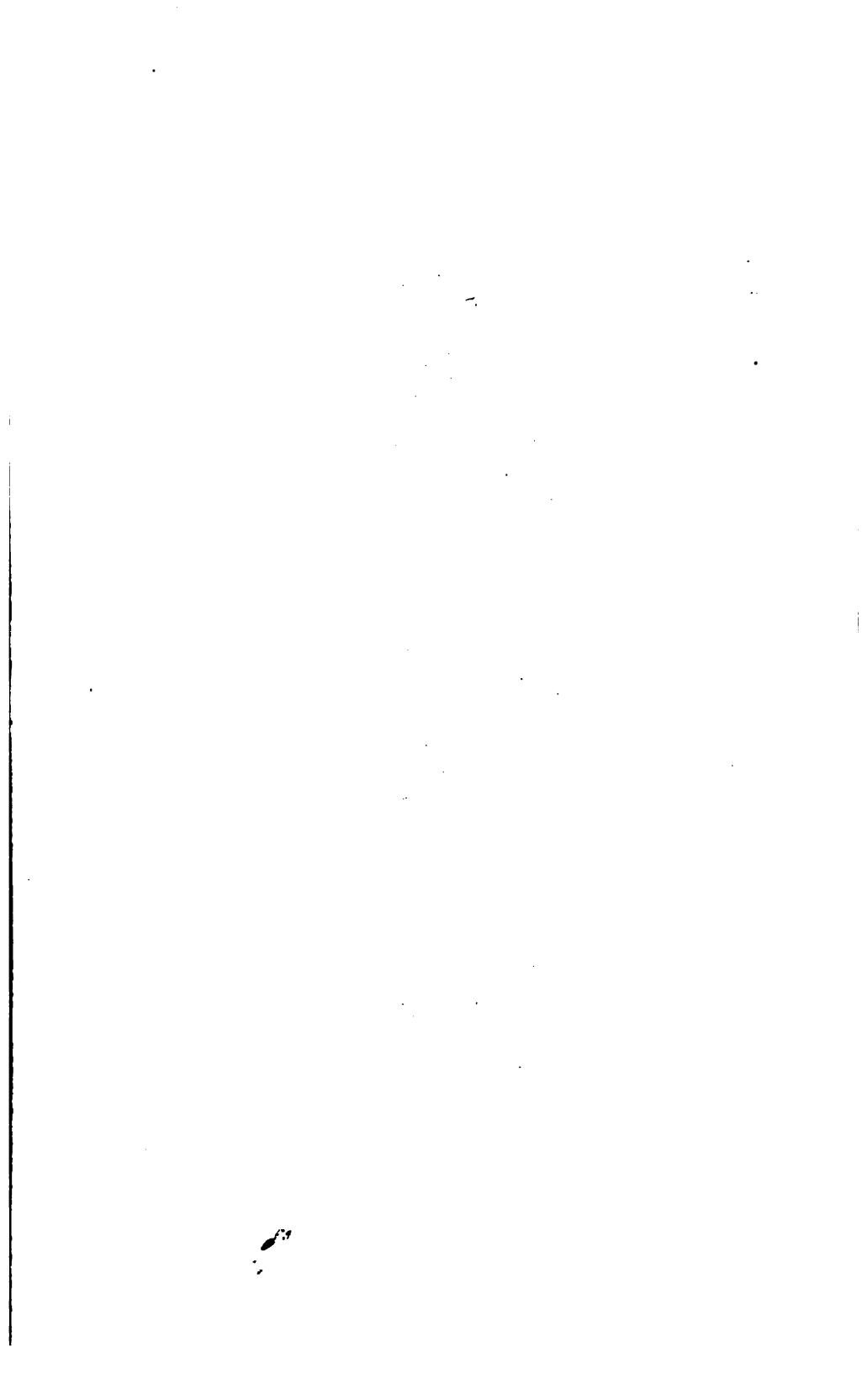
THE POSTURE-MASTER.

It is a most singular circumstance, yet 'not more strange than true,' that persons can, by practice, move several of their bones out of their joints, if they use themselves to it from children; it has been exemplified in many instances, but particularly so in Joseph Clark, who was the most extraordinary posture-master that ever existed.

Clarke lived in the reigns of King James and King William: and mostly resided in Pall Mall. He was a thin, well-made man, but rather gross, and could exhibit almost every species of deformity and dislocation; such as hunch-backed, pot-bellied, sharp-breasted; he could disjoint his arms, shoulders, legs, and thighs, and could, if he liked, appear the greatest object of deformity; and would frequently impose on the com-



JOSEPH CLARK.



pany where he had just appeared as a cripple, by looking so much unlike himself, that they could scarcely recognize him for the same person. He used to tease his tailors almost to madness; for when they came to measure him, he would contrive to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders; and when his clothes were tried on, the deformity was removed to the other shoulder: the tailors, in this case, begged pardon, and promised to mend the mistake as soon as possible; and when they came again they found Clark as straight as any man could be: by these means he so puzzled all the tailors in town, that at last he found it impossible to obtain any to measure him. He could also remove the vertebrae of his back, and other parts of his body, to such a degree, that he imposed on the celebrated surgeon Molins, before whom he went as a patient, who looked upon him in so miserable a state, that he would not undertake his cure.

He could also so distort his face as to resemble the most uncouth and ludicrous faces. He died in the early part of the reign of King William.

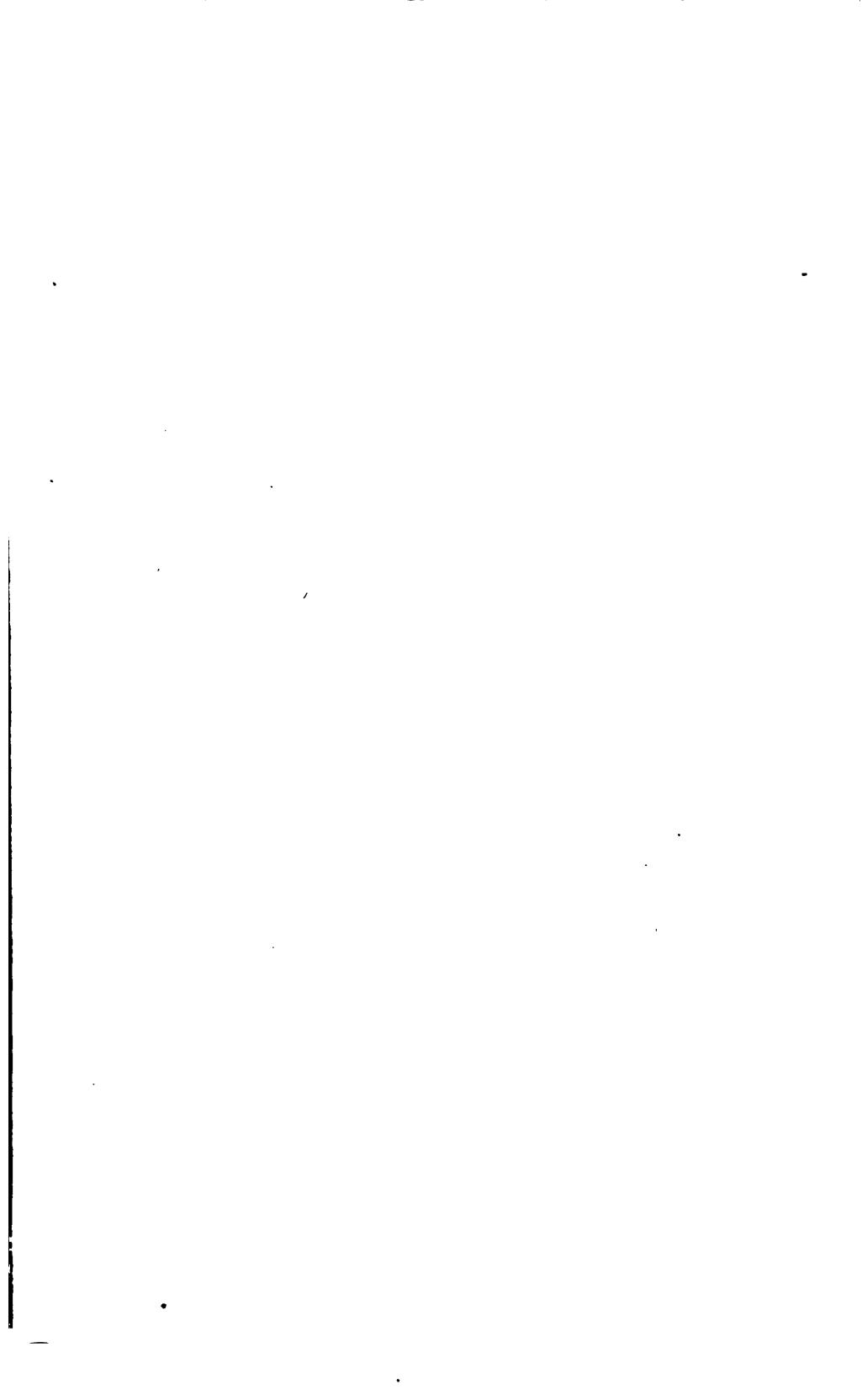
TOBIAS HOBSON,

THE NOTED CAMBRIDGE CARRIER.

THIS singular being, in his time, was an exemplary monument of what may be accomplished by a strict attention to the smallest returns of business. Lord Chesterfield has observed in his letters to his son, that if the *pence* are taken care of, the *pounds* will take care of themselves. This common prudence should be the first study of tradesmen; but, instead of any such musty maxims being their study, gigs and country-houses, horses, dogs, and expensive fare is the general pursuit, and which in general ends with a large WHEREAS. Hobson, by adopting the most economical rules, and rigidly adhering to saving principles, acquired a much greater fortune than the greatest man in Cambridge, or even of his time in England. He used to say, after hearing of any one's good success in mak-



M[†] H O B S O N .



ing a fortune by trade, “Don’t tell me how he got thousands, but how he saved the first hundred.” His memory has been commemorated by Milton in two quibbling epitaphs: but if that great poet had never lived, the name of our hero would have been established in the chronicle of fame, as he took an effectual method of perpetuating his memory, by erecting a handsome stone-conduit at Cambridge, and settling seven lays of pasture land towards its maintenance for ever. Thus men of fortune are useful in their generation, by perpetuating their names in public erections. Hobson lived till very old, and died at last of the plague, in the 86th year of his age, in 1630. The poem of Hobson’s Choice is well known: he is also spoken of in the Spectator, (No. 509,) the paper relating to him, we here present to our readers.

“Mr. Tobias Hobson was a very honorable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. He was a carrier; and, being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw where good profit might arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenuous man was the first in this island who let out

hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge ; and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling ; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door ; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice : from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, ' Hobson's choice.' This memorable man stands drawn in fresco, at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag :

'The fruitful mother of a hundred more.'

"Whatever tradesman will try the experiment,
and begin the day after you publish this my dis-

course, to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same success as attended the exertions of honest Tobias Hobson.

“STEELE.”

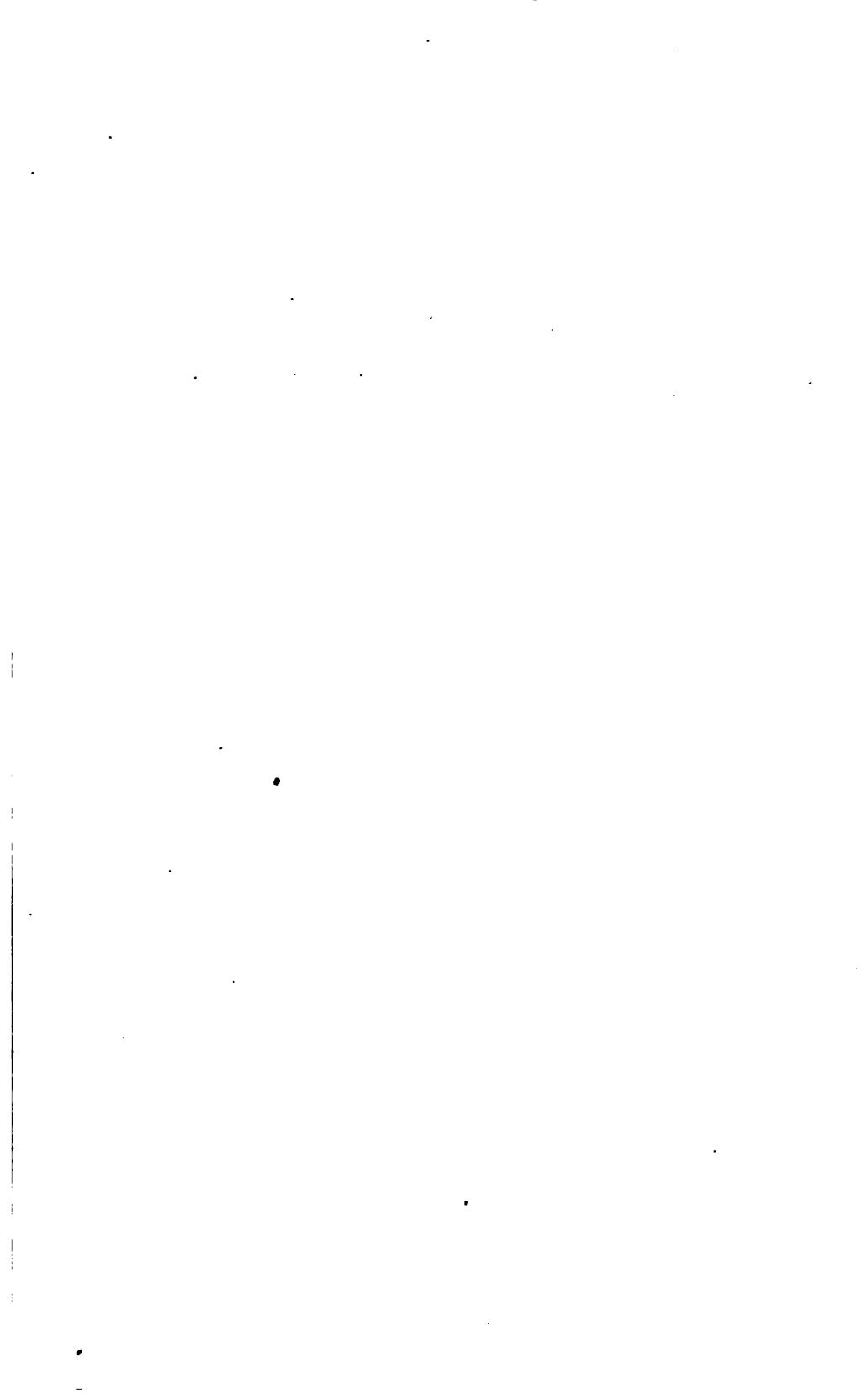
THOMAS VENNER.

THIS man, who possessed a tolerable share of common sense, might have sunk into his grave, “guiltless of his country’s blood,” had he not suffered his understanding to become bewildered by enthusiastic fanaticism. By trade he was a wine-cooper, and appears to have acquired a comfortable competency thereby, but possessing a weak mind, he embraced the notions of the Millenarians, or Fifth Monarchy Men ; and so zealous was he to propagate his notions, that he set out with a pole-axe to convert the people, preaching up his doctrines at the corner of the streets.

Possessed with this opinion, he proclaimed that Christ’s coming on earth was just at hand, and that all human government, except that of the saints, was presently to cease. He preached equally against all sects and kings. He said he looked upon Cromwell and Charles II. as damnable usurpers upon Christ’s dominion, and per-



Thomas Venner.



suaded his foolish and weak followers, that it was their duty to rise in every county, and seize upon the kingdom in his name. Accordingly a rabble of them, with Venner at their head, assembled in the streets of the city, and proclaimed King Jesus for ever ! In a day or two they were overcome by a party of the militia, whom they resolutely engaged, and their leader, with twelve of his followers, were executed in January, 1661. In their last moments they declared, " that if they had been deceived, the Lord himself was their deceiver."

Since the above period numberless impostors and fanatics have arisen, all of whom were, more or less, celebrated in the time in which they flourished ; but the last we have upon record is Johannah Southcott, whose impositions and absurdities are of too recent a date to need narrating here. Perhaps but few impostors ever carried on their deceptions more successfully than this female. Her tickets of admission to heaven was an original idea, and produced a handsome income to our prophetess. Persons in the middle station of life paid two guineas for a **SEAL**, whereby they insured a place in heaven. What the

higher order paid is unknown. But such was her humanity, that the lower class of her followers could obtain a passport for the moderate sum of 18s. 6d. ; and to accomplish this most desirable object, many have sold the very beds from under them : and, incredible as it may appear, there are many who yet expect, and are anxiously waiting, the return of this woman on earth !





BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW,

KING OF THE BEGGARS.

THIS extraordinary character was the son of a clergyman at Bickley, near Tiverton, Devonshire, and was born in July, 1693. His god-fathers were the Hon. Hugh Bamfylde, esq. and the Hon. Major Moore, both of whose names he bore. The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children; our hero was, however, intended for the church, and, at the age of twelve years, was accordingly sent to Tiverton-school, where he became acquainted with gentlemen of the first rank in the counties of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, and Dorset. Falling in company with some gypsies, in the neighbourhood, he, at the age of fifteen, grew so fond of his associates that he resolved to adopt their vagrant manner of life, and immediately abandoned his school and friends. Young Carew having continued about a year and half with these people, he returned home, to the great joy of his friends, who had

given him up for lost. The love of the mendicant life, however, still remained, and it grew upon him to such a degree, that he again forsook his paternal habitation, and betook himself to his old acquaintances, who most readily admitted him again as a member of their company. His exploits in the course of his life were wonderful : he has imposed upon the same persons, three or four times a day, under different disguises, and with different tales of distress. He began his career by equipping himself with an old pair of trowsers, and assumed the appearance of an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman ; in which character he was very successful. Afterwards he became the honest country farmer, who, living in the isle of Shippey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. And every scheme which he undertook, he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised very considerably contributions. Sometimes he was a distressed clergyman, ruined because he could not take the oaths. With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who best knew him, and who were most positive of his not being able to impose upon them.

Arriving one morning at Mr. Portman's, of Brinson, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair-cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side, he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family ; and meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, asked if their honors had any rats to kill. Mr. Portman replied by asking him if he knew his business ; and answering in the affirmative, was sent to get his dinner, with a promise that after he had dined they would make a trial of his abilities. Dinner being over, he was called into a parlour among a large company of ladies and gentlemen.—“Well, Mr. Rat-catcher,” said Mr. Portman, “can you destroy my rats without hurting my dogs?”—“Yes,” replied Carew ; “I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot climb to reach it.”—“And what countryman are you?”—“A Devonshire man.”—“And what's your name?”—Carew perceiving, by some smiles and whispers, that he was known, replied by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned some mirth ; and Mr. Pleydell, of Melbourn, who was one of

the company, expressed some satisfaction at seeing the celebrated Banfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. "Indeed you have seen me before," replied Carew, "and you gave me a suit of clothes." Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and requested to know the particulars. Carew asked him, "If he did not remember being met by a poor wretch, with a stocking round his head instead of a cap, and an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulders, without stockings or shoes, who told him that he was a poor unfortunate man, cast away near the Canaries, and taken up with eight others by a Frenchman; the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and that after having asked him some questions, he gave him a guinea, and a suit of clothes?" this Mr. Pleydell acknowledged; and Mr. Carew replied, "I am the identical person that now stand before you."

Carew had a method of enticing away people's dogs, for which he was twice transported from Exeter, to North America, but returned before the ships that carried him out. On one of these occasions, he escaped from Virginia through the woods, and swam across the Delaware upon a

horse, with only an handkerchief for a bridle. He was a man of strong memory and genteel address, and could assume the manners of the gentleman, with as much ease as any other character. On the death of Claus Patch, the king of the mendicants, the fraternity to which Carew belonged, elected him their king, and he remained faithful to them to the last.

He, at an early period of his life, married a Miss Gray, daughter of Mr. Gray, an eminent Apothecary, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; with whom he lived for a number of years in the most affectionate manner: she died some time before him.

Carew heard a sermon by a Reverend bishop, which made such an impression upon his mind, that he went home, and, reflecting on his past life, he determined to give up his government: a general meeting of the beggars was called, when he resigned his authority: assuring them they should always have his good wishes; and he departed amidst the applauses and tears of his subjects.

Having been singularly fortunate in the purchase of some lottery tickets, he retired to the country, where he lived a secluded life, and left behind him a daughter, who was married to a neighbouring gentleman.

Carew died at the age of 77 years.

RICHARD NASH.

This, ‘thorough-bred gentleman,’ commonly called Beau Nash, was born at Swansea, in South Wales, in 1674. He was educated at Caermarthen-school, from whence he was sent to Jesus-college, Oxford, but was obliged to quit that seminary on account of an intrigue. He then went into the army, as an ensign, but soon becoming disgusted with that profession, he entered himself a student at the Temple, where he had the honor of conducting a pageant, for king William. His heart seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest, benevolent mind, with the vices which spring from an excess of good-nature. He was happy in relieving the distressed, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits. He had generosity for the wretched in the highest degree, at a time when his creditors accused him of want of justice. He forgot the well-known golden maxim, “Be just before you are generous.”

About 1703, Bath became much frequented by persons of distinction ; several learned physicians having passed high encomiums on the salubrity of its waters. In 1704, Nash repaired to that city, which he contrived to make a still more fashionable place of resort, by instituting public amusements. He was chosen Master of the Ceremonies, a situation for which he was admirably qualified, and which he discharged with so much propriety, that he was pronounced the father of the city. By his means a noble hospital was erected there ; and, in the severe winter of 1739, his charities were incredible. His equipage was sumptuous, and he usually travelled in a post-chariot, with six greys, with outriders, footmen, french-horns, and every other appendage of extravagant parade. How he became enabled to live in so much splendour, we cannot precisely determine. Bath swarmed with gamesters, and among this class, Nash was certainly to be numbered at the head ; with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart too commonly attending a life of expedients, for he was generous, humane, and honorable, though a gamester by profession. Though, in his youth, he had been an universal

gallant, when he came to his office at Bath, he relinquished his practice of betraying and seducing innocence, and commenced the guardian and protector of virtue. He not only defended the ladies from the insults of the gentlemen, but guarded them from the slander of each other. He endeavoured to render scandal odious, by marking it as the result of envy, accompanied with folly. Though much addicted to gaming, he amassed no riches, and was reduced, at last, to such a state of poverty, that he wanted that relief which he had never refused to others. Incapable of giving or receiving pleasure, in the evening of his life, he became poor and peevish; and, indeed, a variety of causes concurred to embitter his parting days.

He died in 1761, sincerely regretted by the city, to which he had been so great a benefactor. His remains were interred in the abbey-church, at Bath.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE
OF
MRS. DAVIES;

*A strange and wonderful old woman, who hath
a pair of horns growing upon her head:—
Giving a true account how they have, several
times after being shed, grown again.—Declar-
ing the place of her birth, her education, and
conversation: with the first occasion of their
growth, and the time of their continuance.—
Published in 1679.*

*You who love Wonders to behold,
Here you may of a Wonder read:
The Strangest that was ever seen or told;
A Woman bearing Horns upon her Head.*

“ READER,

“ It may be, upon the first view of the above
title, thou wilt throw it down with all the carelessness
imaginable, supposing it to be but an idle and
impertinent fiction; such as some frontless per-



M^{RS} DAVIES.



sons have too frequently exposed to public view, on purpose to impose on the credulity of the gazing multitude, who are apt to gape at wonders, and to think all true as gospel which they see in print.

“ That this may court thy more favorable thoughts, call to mind that such as intended to deceive, tell of wonders that are remote, and too far distant from thee, either suddenly to disprove, or presently to confirm thyself in the belief of what they have told.

“ This gives thee an account of what thou mayest, with little trouble, and at small expence, behold: take but a walk to the Swan, in the Strand, near Charing-cross, and there thou mayest satisfy thy curiosity and be able to tell the world whether this following narration be truth or invention.

“ There thou mayest see a woman with horns growing upon the hinder part of her head, an object not only worthy of thy sight, but admiration too! She is seventy-six years of age, bred and born in the parish of Shotwick, in Cheshire,

and within four miles of Chester, tenant under his sacred majesty, upon a farm of sixteen pounds per annum ; so that she is not necessitated to this course of life, for to deceive the credulous and short-sighted people, but to manifest to the world such a wonder in nature, as hath neither been read nor heard of (we may justly suppose) since the creation.

“ She was wife to one Mr. Henry Davies, who died thirty-five years passed ; and since she hath lived a religious widow, all along, of a spotless and unblameable life and conversation ; of singular use to her neighbours ; for she is a professed midwife, happy and successful in that undertaking ; so that her departure was generally lamented in the place of her abode, in such a measure, that several of her neighbours and acquaintance brought her many miles on her journey. This strange and stupendous effect began first from a soreness in that place where now the horns grow, which (as it is thought) was occasioned by wearing a strait hat. This soreness continued twenty years, in which it miserably afflicted this good woman, and ripened gradually unto a wen, near the bigness of a large hen-egg, which continued for the space of five years,

more sadly tormenting her than before: after which time it was, by a strange operation of nature, changed into horns, which are in shew and substance much like a ram's horns, solid and wrinkled; but sadly grieving the old woman, especially upon the change of weather. But more accurately to describe its nature and manner of production, may be a subject proper for a college of physicians, and no question but it will be esteemed worthy to employ the ingenious virtuosi of the age, who need not their glasses to magnify its wonders.

“ She hath cast her horns three times already: the first time was but a single horn, which grew long, but as slender as an oaten straw. The second was thicker than the former. The two first Mr. Hewson, minister of Shotwick, (to whose wife this rarity was first discovered) obtained of the old woman, his parishioner. They kept not an equal distance of time in falling off, some at three, some at four, and another at four years and a half's growth.

“ The third time grew two horns, both of which were beat off by a fall backward. One of

them an English lord obtained, and (as is reported) presented it to the French king, for the greatest rarity in nature, and was received with no less admiration. The other (which was the largest) was nine inches long and two inches in circumference. It is much valued for the novelty; a greater than any John Tradescant can set to view, or the greatest traveller can, with truth, affirm to have seen. Sir Willoughby Aston hath also another horn which dropped from this woman's head, and reserves it as a choice rarity. At this present time [1678] she hath a pair of horns upon her head, of six months' growth; and it is not without reason believed, they will, in a short time, be larger than any of the former; for still the latter have exceeded the former in bigness. This circumstance considered or examined, at least with the sight of her, it will not I presume be considered to be an imposture, or artificial projection: for to impose so grossly upon his majesty, and all his loyal subjects, would be an unpardonable crime, and would deserve men's contempt and not their company, and certainly expose the party to the violence of a rude multitude, who, discovering the cheat, would, I believe, soon make the woman pull in her horns.

“ I am informed that this very Mother Davies’s picture is now in the possession of the learned Sir Richard Mead, M. D.; also Mr. Ward, Peruke-maker, in the Strand, has a horn several inches in length, which he uses as a snuff-box, the which he avers to have grown on the head of another woman, whom he affirmed, not many months since, in a very public company, to be then alive, and that she had several others, at different times; naming the persons in whose hands the horns then were. The curious may, perhaps, think it worth their trouble to make further inquiry. All this induced me to make room for so remarkable a singularity.”

A Mrs. Allen, in 1790, was to be seen in Coventry-street, Hay-market, who had a horn of some years’ growth, cut off from above her ear. She resided in Leicestershire, in 1792.

There is preserved in the University library of Edinburgh, a horn which was cut off the head of Elizabeth Love; it grew three inches above her ear, and was seven years in growing.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL,

THE DEAF AND DUMB PHILOSOPHER.

THIS *silent* philosopher resided in London, in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne; and was greatly resorted to by those ignorant people who wished to know their future destiny. He had, by his own account, the gift of *second sight*, and could tell the name and business of every person who came to him.

In his 'Secret Memoirs,' printed 1732, he gives us a wonderful instance of his *vast* abilities; which we extract, viz.

"Having made an appointment with some friends, to meet at a tavern, at a certain hour, neither the persuasions of my wife, nor the impatience of several clients, who happened at that time to be in the house, could prevent my keeping my word, and, as I was breaking from them all, and had just set my foot on the stairs, I was



DUNCAN CAMPBELL.



saluted by a grave old gentleman, in a plain habit; the sight of him had more effect upon me than all that had been alleged for my staying at home, and I was compelled, as it were, by an inward impulse, to turn back, and know his business. I followed him into the dining-room, and presenting him a pen and ink, he immediately wrote in this manner:—

*“Sir—I have heard great talk of you——
My life was once in danger; let me know in
what kind. I desire no other proof of your skill.*

“He gave me his gold with this question, and seemed impatient for an answer, which I was not long before I obliged him in these terms:—

*“Sir—You are a gentleman who have not seen
your native land for thirty years or upwards,
and have been witness of all the rarities of the
globe, are curious of knowing whether you may
reckon the Dumb Man among the number. As
to the danger of your life, you had the misfortune
of being poisoned by the bite of a riper, and was
cured by a wizard.——You have no mortal*

wounds, but wear scars preferable to a star and garter——I look on you as the wonder of mankind, the glory of your illustrious family in particular, and the honor of your country in general——You have fought both by sea and land, met with storms, tempests, and unequal forces, yet never knew what it was to fear.

“ The gentleman had no sooner read this, than he pulled a green purse out of his pocket, in which was a large gold medal set round with diamonds, and having shewn it me, wrote—

“ *Let this convince you of the truth of your skill, as well as of my honor; what you say is fact; I was bit by a viper, which must have been my death according to all human probability; for in five minutes my leg was swelled bigger than my body, but by the advice of some friends, I went for a famous wizard, who, by uttering some mystical words, immediately cured me.*

“ After this we had a bottle of wine, and while we were drinking it, I had leisure to examine the lines of his face more particularly, and seeing something which promised great things, I wrote to him in these terms :—

"I look on you with pleasure: you have nothing of the rudeness which one might expect from a person who has passed so much time among infidels—You have acquired all their knowledge, but left their barbarism behind you——You have a good angel which constantly attends you—preserves you amidst the most imminent dangers—but you must permit me to reproach you with cowardice in one thing—you have twenty thousand pounds your due from some great powers, yet you have not courage to demand it—Methinks, all that can threaten such an attempt is a trifle to what you have undergone—You have a very good chance for getting it, but where a thousand to one against you, in honor, you ought not to relinquish what is so much your right—If my advice prevail, be bold in the affair—You will I know meet with some repulses, but I dare assure you of success in the end.

"At last this old gentleman coaxed Campbell to go over to Holland, telling him he might there make a great fortune. Notwithstanding all our hero's second sight, he, like a weak man, went over to Rotterdam: and when he had arrived there, he found his friend had deceived him,

and he acknowledged, that he had been made an *April-fool* of. Campbell, after roving about the country, at length accidentally met with his friend at Amsterdam, whom he asked, ‘ How he could be so base as to send him to Rotterdam, when he ought to have directed him to Amsterdam ;’ to which his friend very properly replied—‘ That Mr. Campbell’s genius could have informed him where the person was he came to meet, better than any direction.’ ”

END OF VOL. I.









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